# Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1838. VOL. VIII. N? 18.


## Amusements for the Week.

### PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, June 16—Last night of the engagement of Mr. Murdock. PATRICIAN AND PARVENU—THE MARRIED RAKE.

MONDAY, June 18—First night of Madame CARADORI ALLAN'S engagement. The new Opera by Donizetti, and other entertainments.

TUESDAY, June 19—Mr. PLACIDE'S BENEFIT.

WEDNESDAY, June 20—Second night of Madame Caradori Allan's engagdment.

THURSDAY, June 21—Mr. RICHING'S BENEFIT.

FRIDAY, June 22—Third night of Madame Caradori Allan's engagement.

Boxes 1s, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 7—Performances to commence at 7½.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. C.'s letter and assurance were gladly received yesterday; the first will be attended to in our next.

J. D. S has written us an account of the race between *Boston* and *Duane*, in very blank verse. We "can't begin" to insert it.

A South Carolina correspondent we beg to remind, that we confidently indulge the hope of his "bearing in mind" the "promised article" for the Spirit. His wishes will be promptly attended to, in relation to the subject of his letter of the 6th inst.

The poetry in relation to "The Rifle" has not reached us.

A report of the Toronto (U. C.) Spring Races will appear in our next.

## Things Theatrical.

*The Park.*—Miss ELLEN TREE's engagement terminated last evening. Though "the *poplar* tree" she ever was, the weather during the week past has been so oppressively warm, as to deter thousands from visiting the theatre. Next Monday CARADORI ALLAN commences an engagement, when a new opera will be produced. On Tuesday evening PLACIDE is to pocket about $1200 for his benefit. Mr. "Gentleman" RICHINGS will play the same game on Thursday, while Mr. and Mrs. CHIPPINDALE, to "appear in character," follow suit on Saturday. It is unnecessary for us to add that we wish them success. Madame Allan also appears on the two intervening evenings, Wednesday and Friday.

Mr HENRY JOHNSTON bade farewell to a profession, of which, for nearly half a century, he has been a distinguished ornament, at the National Theatre, on Tuesday last. The performances were for his benefit, and, albeit the night was excessively warm, a very good house assembled to witness the latest personations of the retiring veteran. Though bending beneath the weight of years, and debilitated in frame by a long and severe indisposition, his style of acting was marked by a degree of buoyancy and spirit that appeared to take the audience by surprise. The applause which greeted him throughout was not more richly merited than it was spontaneously and rapturously bestowed. Hackneyed as we are in all that relates to the sock and buskin, we confess that, the transient excitement of the hour having subsided, we never before witnessed so affecting—so sorrowful a farewell Before us was a man whose just conceptions of character and fine intellect, Time, when he laid prostrate the actor's physical powers, had been unable to destroy. Far from the admirers of his manhood and the friends of his more advanced years, he was bidding adieu for ever to a profession which, as far as memory could travel back, it had been his honest pride to cultivate and adorn. There is always something startling in the words "for ever," under whatever circumstances they may be uttered, and we think their sad import has seldom been felt to exercise a more pervading influence, that when the curtain descended upon the *last efforts* of the way-worn, yet still gifted and incomparable HARRY JOHNSTON.

The gifted author of "*Leila*," a gentleman of this city, has in active preparation at the National a new drama, entitled "*The Drunkard's Warning*,"—the principal character a male Victorine. We are induced more especially to draw atttention to the fact, as "Leila" was brought out under unfavorable circumstances, and as upon the success of this new piece depends the fate of a series of Moral Dramas on Duelling, Procrastination, Speculation, Gambling, etc. We trust the author may have a numerous and intelligent audience upon the first night of his piece, knowing full well that he does not wish for undeserved applause, but merely a fair hearing.

There has been exhibited at this theatre for several evenings a tastefully executed Drop Curtain, illustrative of Mr. VAN AMBURGH's extraordinary performances in the cages of the ferocious animals of the Zoological Institute. On Monday evening next a grand Oriental Spectacle is to be produced, in the course of which the lions, tigers, camels, elephants, "and such small deer," of the Institute will "make their first appearance on any *stage*;" Van Amburgh will also go through with his daring feats. He sails for Europe on the 1st of July, accompanied by "his tigers," and will no doubt excite a sensation among "the lions" of London and Paris.

From St. Louis (in the far West) we learn that the theatre closed for the winter season on the 30th ult. The "first part" of the season was unproductive, if not a positive loss; but we are gratified to find that the spirited management "came out" ahead "in the second." ELLEN TREE and the RAVEL family drew immensely.

The summer season was to commence on the 4th inst. with Miss CLIFTON, J. M. FIELD, Mrs. FIELD (late Miss Riddle), Miss NELSON, Mr. HODGES, Mrs. GIBBS, J. R. SCOTT, Mrs. STUART (late Miss Vos), and a host of other great people to keep the ball in motion during the warm weather. There is an *on dit* that FORREST goes there before the close in November—not knowing, can't say. One thing is pretty certain, the managers seem determined to keep their beautiful theatre in the very front rank of the best establishments in the Union. Ellen Tree speaks in raptures of the handsome manner in which she was treated by the public and the managers—to say nothing of the three or four thousand *solid* reasons she has to be pleased with her visit. The Missourians were all on tiptoe to see the fair JOSEPHINE—her success will probably be equal to Miss Tree's. LUDLOW & SMITH do not come North this summer; we are sorry for it. LEWIS, their stage-manager, is at present in the city.

The Tremont Theatre, Boston, closed with Mrs. BARRETT's benefit, on the 11th inst.; it will, however, be almost immediately re-opened, under a new lease, by Mr. BARRY. The five years of his management that have just expired, were marked by the decided approbation of the public, and we trust that the period he is now entering on, will not be less successful.

That charming vocalist, Mrs. BAILEY, whose return to New York is anxiously looked for, commenced a short engagement at Cincinnati on the 6th. *The Barber of Seville* was chosen for her opening night. The delineation of Yankee characters by Mr. MARBLE, appears to have installed him in the good graces of the Cincinnatian press; Messrs. THORNE and J. R. SCOTT volunteered their services to grace his benefit on the 5th.

*The Lady of Lyons* has had a successful run at Baltimore. FORREST closed an engagement there on Saturday last, in the character of Claude Melnotte, Miss V. MONIER sustaining the part of Pauline. The following notice is from the Baltimore Chronicle:—

"Other engagements prevented us from witnessing the performance of this piece, until Saturday night last. We are not surprised at its popularity. It is full of beauties, both of sentiment and language. Mr. Forrest sustained the part of Claude Melnotte, with singular judgment and effect. It is not, perhaps, as well suited for the display of his great powers, as the more stirring characters in which he is accustomed to appear; but it is impossible, we think, that the dignity of the pretended prince, or the tenderness of the penitent, despairing, and magnanimous lover, could have been more successfully personated. Miss Monier played Pauline in a very correct and creditable manner. Her enunciation is not quite distinct enough—but on the whole, she is an actress of very great merit. Mr. Pickering was quite passable as General Dumas, and Mr. Riddle insufferable, as he always is, as Deschapelles. He and a few more of the *attaches* to the Holliday-street establishment, will, we trust, be finally dispensed with, after the close of the present season."

We copy the following paragraph from the Evening Star:—

"We have perused with much pleasure a three act melo dramatic Burletta in manuscript, entitled "*The Descent of the Muses, or the Legitimate Drama Restored*," written by N. R. Smith, Esq., of Pittsburgh, Pa. It is a pleasant sarcasm on the rage for melo drama, embracing mythological scenes mingled up with humorous dialogue of native Yankees. It is written for Dr. Valentine, and we hope will soon be brought out in New York. We have no doubt it would have a run."

### BUFFALO THEATRICALS.

BUFFALO, June 5, 1838.

FRIEND PORTER,—"Things theatrical," to use an old saying of yours, are looking up among us. Our theatre opened a week ago, under the joint management of Messrs. ABBOTT & LATHAM, both of which gentlemen are favorably known in your city, as indeed they are wherever they have "held the mirror up to nature." The weather has frowned incessantly upon us, yet the houses have been such that the managers have had no serious cause of complaint. The company is strong, and combines with it much theatrical talent. Abbott and Latham are making themselves great favorites, not only on the stage, but off. The gentlemanly endowments of each have ensured to them the respect and support of many of our wealthy citizens, who have heretofore kept aloof from theatricals. MCCLURE has just returned from the South, where he has been reaping golden opinions from the lovers of good acting. His first appearance must have been highly gratifying to his feelings. The loud, long, and continued plaudits of his friends soon convinced him that he was not forgotten. In truth, McClure is always at home, and the "old stager," go where he will, needs only to be known to become properly and justly appreciated.

HINKIN, late of the Bowery, is with us. He was formerly attached to the *old* concern; his improvement has been great: a few years, with the talent he nightly evinces, must place him high in his profession.

EBERLE, formerly of the Bowery, bids fair to become a great favorite. We are in daily expectation of having a variety of "stars."

ELLEN TREE, FORREST, EATON, &c., are engaged. The latter gentleman will probably commence his engagement next week.

The orchestra is now what it had never been—*perfect*. Under the direction of Mr. HENRY MARKS, formerly solo player at Niblo's, it is capable of executing the most difficult pieces. We have nightly all the grand overtures. There is much musical taste among us, and this is the first opportunity our citizens have had of gratifying it.

The managers have commenced exactly right: thus far the *legitimate* drama has held undisputed sway, and it is the determination of the managers to have it so, and of the citizens to support it. Rumor says that the concern will pay a flying visit to the Canadas—visiting Montreal, Quebec, &c. Never has there been an opportunity (in the provinces) within the last twenty years of theatricals doing so well.

Yours, E. H. T.

### THEATRICAL PROSPECTS IN CANADA.

QUEBEC, June 1, 1838.

*Mr. Editor*,—Your weekly liberal notice of matters in connexion with theatrical ladies and gentlemen, and their professional doings, and, also, the *goût* and spirit with which you occasionally touch up the "buskin'd gentry," shew truly that the drama is not with you among the minor or less interesting "affairs of office" which hang upon and around the editorial avocation. Under this conviction, and knowing, too, that you are pretty well up to all the "ingoings" and "outcomings" of the "player voke" on this continent, I at once avail myself of your columns, and would willingly of your influence in the business, to call the attention of our Manager friends to the capital opening for a "hit" in the *hard dollar line*, presented by our city this season—that is, if a good company (mind you, *good* or none) were brought on here for a couple of months. The place is as full as it can be of military fashionables, and is to be the naval head quarters of the station also for a time, thus ensuring an ample assortment of "luffs" and "reefers" for the "*after-pieces*." There will be a bustling time of it this summer, depend upon it, and money to be made as fast as winking, if a Manager comes on, who keeps his eye open to prevent his audiences from shutting theirs. From the Lower Town counting house dandy, who yawns of an evening over his Havanna and brandy and water, through all the *castes* till you come to the aristocratic young Guardsman, a-suntering along the ramparts by moonlight, not "baying" doggrel to the chaste planet, in a fit of romantic tomfoolery (all that sort of thing you know is cut dead now-a-days by all who possess high fashion, good taste, or common sense), but, as a pretty sort of *pastemps*, listlessly counting the piles of shot and shell. I say, throughout the whole of the component grades of our society here, the cry is "*Pity, our Theatre is not open.*" I believe you have mentioned that WARD had leased the Canadian Theatres; but I think that the sooner he sculls this way (if he is going to come at all) the better, as the summer season is short, and he will no doubt "alternate" with Montreal in his tour. Whoever comes on should, in the first place (remember, our Theatre is a very snug and a rather pretty one) bring a respectable company; some beauty as well as ability among the fairer portion, that our young heroes may look upon and love their sweet faces; and, last not least, and above all things, let his men be decently togg'd on the stage. No dressing lords and honorables of fashion in long-skirted frocks and whitey shorts, with a display of blue hose and "highlows" or "cowskins" unknowing of the blacking brush, their ungloved red claws protruding from scant sleeves, and rusty foraging caps particularly matching the suit. Only fancy the Hon. Dick Trifle in a rig-out of this sort, or a Goldfinch (in the Road to Ruin) "coming it" in a velveteen jacket, and pink striped smalls crammed into a pair of sham top boots! And yet, such monstrosities have we witnessed in our day!—To cut a long story short, and at once to end my "gag," I say to your managing folks, come quickly if you are at all a-coming, for there is money, and plenty of it, to be made this season. If Cooke's Equestrian Troop came on just now, the concern would coin the pelf. Whoever does come, let them not be daunted at trifles. They will be gladly welcomed; and our editors are a kindly people, who will give them "a leg" in a style that will cleverly mount them astride upon public opinion; it always being clearly understood that the handsome thing is done previously by them in the *free-ticket* line, in which, by the way, they had better not forget their well-wisher, and your sincere friend,

JEREMY DIDDLER.

*Splendid Paintings and Engravings.*—Signor SANGUINETI has on exhibition at the Academy of Fine Arts in Barclay street, one of the most extensive and beautiful collections ever seen in this country; the Paintings are from Florence, and the Engravings from the burins of the most celebrated European artists. There are about 250 paintings, and 600 engravings.

## ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The true lovers of music, in its perfection, have been amply gratified by the splendid performance of the first work (in merit) of the first Maestro (in rank) that the world has ever produced. The composition of *Il Don Giovanni*, replete as it is with every excellence by which the divine art of music is characterised, was on Thursday night presented to the public in a way to do real credit to its immortal author. The names of Grisi, Persiani, Albertazzi, Rubini, Tamburini, and, last and greatest of all in every sense of the word, the Lablache, will be a sufficient warranty for our assertion. The force of nature could no further go.

Covent Garden has not done anything during the past week that calls for critical notice, with the exception of a representation of *Julius Cæsar*, and the production of a new operetta called *The Veiled Portrait*.

Mr. Willis Jones, in praise of whose requisites for the stage his friends are very loud, has made a debut at the Haymarket, and we are bound in justice to own that the audience appeared to consider it a most successful one. The character which he chose for the occasion (*St. Pierre*, in Knowles' play of *The Wife*.) is a most arduous one, and if he can make even a tolerable stand in that, we must think that there are many others in which he might appear to very considerable advantage. The lessee is reaping the reward of his constant exertions to please in the continually increasing audience that flock nightly to this delightful place of amusement.

At the Olympic the last new piece of *Naval Engagements* increases each night in public favor. It is very seldom that such care and pains are bestowed by any author on any attempt he makes, as is invariably the case with Mr. Charles Dance.

Power has gone back to *Rory O'More*; alternating that most admirable personation with his last equally successful character in the *Groves of Blarney*.

Mrs. Nisbett's benefit on Monday, at Dublin, was a complete overflow. She leaves for Liverpool, where she will perform to-morrow. The Woods succeed her in Dublin.

The African Roscius, Mr. Aldridge, is giving dramatic illustrations at the Belfast Theatre.

A Mr. Lee Moreton has been playing *Hamlet* at Cheltenham. His debut is favorably spoken of by the critics of that fashionable town.

Miss Jane Walker, called the Infant Grisi, has been astonishing the inhabitants of Exeter with her dulcet notes.

The Committee of Drury-Lane Theatrical Fund are making great preparations for their annual dinner, which is fixed for Whitsun Eve. It is expected the Duke of Cambridge will take the chair; should he decline, his place will in all probability be filled by Sir Francis Burdett.

Monsieur Alexandre, who made so brilliant a debut as a ventriloquist in London, about ten years ago, is in treaty with Mr. Braham for the use of the Colosseum, where he proposes to give a series of entertainments under most distinguished patronage.

Bochsa returned to town last Monday for the season. The Irish press speaks with rapture of his extraordinary harp performances.

Mr. T. Green, we hear, has accepted an offer of an engagement from the management of the Olympic Theatre. He is the best light comedian on the boards.

We observe that Mrs. Anderson has announced her annual morning concert for Friday next, under the immediate patronage of her Most Gracious Majesty. The programme is unusually attractive, and includes several pieces to be performed by her Majesty's private band of wind instruments.

The receipts at the grand representation for the benefit of Mdlles. Elssler, at the Opera, Paris, on Saturday evening, amount to 30,000 francs.

The tragedy of *Hamlet* went off flatly at Drury-Lane on Wednesday night. There was a respectable, though not very crowded audience, and Mr. C. Kean was received with considerable applause, but without any extraordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm.

Mr. Ternan, who played *Shylock* some months since, is announced for *Iago* to Mr. Kean's *Othello*. Mr. Ternan was, after that performance, applied to for his terms; he sent them, but they were not acceded to; Mr. Bunn, anticipating the closing of Covent-garden, was desirous of engaging Mr. Warde. As that gentleman's services are required by Mr. Macready, the Drury-lane manager at length gave Mr. Ternan the terms required. Without his aid *Othello* could not be done, so the new tragedian has necessity, not the manager, to thank.

A. Mrs. H. Chatfield made her first appearance at Drury-lane on Tuesday, and sang a duet with Giubilei; she is very beautiful, and possesses a charming voice.

Mrs. Nisbett and Mr. Balls are still in Dublin. Mr. Morris Barnett has gone to Yorkshire, where *a Mrs. Gurner* is doing wonders as the leading lady. Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Paumier are in Norwich.

Mrs. Honey has sufficiently recovered to resume the character of *Leander*, in which she looks as pretty a fellow as any lady dwelling on the margin of the Hellespont could desire to have at her feet.

LITTLE KEELEY ON THE TALL HORSE.—Keeley, the popular son of Momus, is very fond of "*doing a bit of park*," as he whimsically calls it, as one of the *equestrian* order, and it is really a fine specimen of ultra-comicality to see the little actor's short legs hanging half way down the sides of one of the tallest horses in Europe. "I calculate that's a tarnation high *hoss* of yours, Bobby," said Mr. S. P., the American manager, as they met the other day near the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's-park. "Yes, governor," cried Keeley, taking up the true Yankee tone, which a twelvemonth's transatlantic journey had furnished him with—"I guess you can't account for his *gettin' up stairs* so in the world." "No how, Bob?" cried the manager. "Then I guess *I* can," cried the little Olympic hero of the whip. "You see I bought him of Newman, the crack livery stable keeper, and his *tallness* comes from his having been regularly *highered* (hired) every day for the last two years—there, go and tell that to the Garrick Club as Little Keeley's Last," and away he galloped. Sunday Times, 13th May.

The tax laid on theatrical representations and places of public amusement, &c. for the support of charitable establishments in Paris, amounted in 1837 to 822,106f., or £32,885.

Mr. Barnett took a final leave of the Salisbury audience last week, informing them that, after suffering three successive years of increasing loss, he could no longer keep open a theatre so little patronised.

We learn from a correspondent, that the indefatigable young Potty has nearly completed an entirely original *domestic* drama, in two acts, which is already accepted, and will be brought out immediately. It has been written with a view to display the peculiar talent of his friends, Frank Matthews and Keeley, who are both (the former especially) delighted with the characters assigned them. The drama is, we are assured, founded on fact, and entitled *The Sprat Supper; or, We won't go home till morning*.

Balfe's opera of "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," will be brought out at the Italian Opera on the 5th of July. Grisi and Albertazzi will represent the merry dames; Fenton by Rubini, Ford by Tamburini, and Falstaff by Lablache, without any stuffing!

We learn from Dresden, that Mayerbeer having arrived there to superintend the getting up of his opera, the *Hugenots*, for the benefit of Madame Schroeder Devrient, appeared at the theatre on its performance, and was received with the most enthusiastic applause by the audience. After the performance, he was conducted home by torch-light, and there treated with a serenade. While at the theatre, he was called into the royal box, where their Majesties expressed to him their satisfaction at his masterly production. M. Mayerbeer left Dresden for Berlin on the 30th April.

The municipal authorities of Rouen have decided that instruction in music is to be introduced into all the municipal schools.

## "WHY DID MAJOR MUFFIN KEEP A PARROT?"

The saying hath it, "Never speak before children!" for children, notwithstanding the wise example set by their fathers and mothers, will speak the truth. Parrots, like children, are of an imitative and truth-loving nature; and in large letters we write upon this page the following caution,—Never speak before parrots!

Major Muffin—why did he keep a parrot?—lived next door to Miss Penelope Crab. He was a man of metal! She was a woman also of metallic influence, only of a different quality. The Major, mounted with brass, was lined, alas! with copper; while Penelope, golden-faced, had golden pockets—pockets which, in the eyes of Muffin, held mines of wealth! Miss Penelope Crab was the only daughter of a fish salesman, who dying a widower at a good old age, left her the mistress of herself and his fortune. She was now able to buy anything she fancied, and she thought of a husband.

Major Muffin had seen service, and was now living upon his honor—and half-pay. Being a military man, he swore, of course. Penelope, on the contrary, was devout-minded, and, being a lady, she swore not,—except when she condemned the souls of the profane, which she did at least a dozen times a-day. Having now performed this usage of polite society, and introduced to our readers Major Muffin and Miss Penelope Crab, we bequeath them to their mercies, while we amuse ourselves by a chat with their servants.

"That master of yours swears enough to frighten a house down!" Such was the confidential communication conveyed by Deborah—for Penelope's maid had a holy name—over the area rails to Molly, the Major's abigail. "And as for his parrot——"

Here a loud chuckling voice told her to be—what nobody wishes to be—and compared her at the same time to a dog. Deborah looked up, and there saw Major Muffin's grey parrot mounted on the outside of his cage, whistling and shouting from the balcony.

"I should like to wring that brute's neck!" said Deborah, as she gave her mop an energetic twirl. The parrot returned the favour by calling her—what she said she wasn't—we think so too; but the major's parrot had a way of calling ladies in the street names they couldn't help thinking was personal, and sometimes so familiarly, they thought it must be somebody who knew them.

"Look at missus's parrot," cried Deborah; "he's a dove of a Poll, and sings psalms like a Christian; but that Bob of yours"—such was the unpretending name of the major's parrot—"swears as bad as his master or the—" and Deborah coughed; "there ain't many pins to choose between them." And bang went her mat against the area rails, and out flew a cloud of dust, which enveloped a lawyer's clerk, who was passing, like a blanket. As soon as this feat was accomplished, Deborah vented a fresh shower of abuse upon Bob, and a fresh chapter of praise was lavished upon the virtues of her missus's Poll. "If ever a parrot was a saint, her missus's Poll"—Jeremiah by name—"was one!" And no wonder, for Penelope always took him under her cloak to church, where, strange to say, he never went to sleep, not even during the sermon! "But that nasty swearing brute of a bird,"—and she shook her fist at Bob, who was quietly cleaning his nails,—"he ought to have his head twisted off!" Molly, on the contrary, contended that Bob was a good-natured Poll, and tame as a chicken She confessed to the swearing; but that, she said, was the fault of his "broughtage up." But then he never bit anybody; while Jeremiah, though a saint, was quite as spiteful, and would bite his best friend to the bone. And as for mischief, though a parrot, there never was a monkey like him; for he did more harm in an hour than Bob would in a year, who hopped about the house, played with the cat, and behaved himself like a gentleman, as he was!

The maids, as they could not agree,—and servant maids do not always agree,—began to toss their heads, and call each other "ma'am," and in the end descended their area steps in a huff.

As Major Muffin had no other dependence than his half-pay, he could not very well be called a rich man. He was forty, and a bachelor. Penelope was wealthy, a spinster; while her age might be what a bountiful Providence pleased, for Muffin did not care. Now, strange to say, the Major had taken, we know not why, a mortal dislike to the lady next door,—albeit he had only seen her once or twice, and that in perspective, at the window,—but still he disliked her. Her name sounded of a ten years' courtship; while her surname, Crab, though a heavenly sign, seemed to him a sign of going backwards. But then her money! Report had trumpeted the thousands she was worth in his ear, and, after some natural qualms of venturing upon matrimony, Muffin determined to lay close siege to his next-door neighbor.

Miss Penelope Crab sat in her drawing-room; her pious Poll stood meekly in his cage, and blinking his eyes, looked as if thinking of a nap. Penelope laid down her book, "Watt's hymns," and leant back in her chair. Were her thoughts of Major Muffin? He was certainly not a bad-looking man; and, being a military man, and a major, not a bad catch for a fishmonger's daughter. She had often speculated upon the blessing of being married; yet, strange to say, she had never been asked. This undoubtedly argued a want of taste in the gentlemen. Could it be that they thought her too lean, too old, or too holy for their earthly hopes!—For Penelope was pious, and her sanctity was deep as a well! In fact, Penelope was a walking Evangelical Magazine; and, as she sat in her chair, would have made a "splendid illustration" to that most excellent work, for her dark, dull, unmeaning countenance looked—as an evangelical portrait always looks—a face of clay moulded with the fingers! Major Muffin was her next door neighbor, and she could not help thinking that she should have no objection to become Mrs. Major Muffin. But then they were utter strangers,—they had not so much as spoken to each other! And then again Penelope felt uneasy, when she remembered Deborah vowed that Muffin, though a major, swore like a common trooper. She shuddered, and taking up the book, which the thoughts of Muffin had made her put aside, was soon out of sight of earthly things, and high in the clouds of pious ærostation; yet, strange to say, the words kept jumping about, and, spite of herself, spelt nothing but "Major Muffin." She shut her eyes, and looked again, and as she looked saw "marriage" in capitals, written backwards! It certainly was very strange; and if Major Muffin——

A loud knock at the door hurried her across the room to listen at the door. "Is Miss Crab at home!" was asked, and in a gentleman's voice. Penelope shut the book, and threw Dr. Watts upon the sofa. Deborah climbed up stairs, and looked as if the clouds were coming down.

"Who's that, Deborah!" inquired her mistress.

Deborah's mouth opened like an oyster as she said, "Major Muffin!"

"Major Muffin!" There was a pause of more than a minute, each stood open-eyed and open-mouthed. At length Penelope's shut, as she added, "Show the major up."

"Yes, ma'am,"—and Deborah went slowly down the stairs.

There was a creaking of boots along the passage, a hem or two, and Penelope left the door for a chair, where she sat as though she hadn't moved. The door opened, and Deborah once more announced "Major Muffin." Penelope was a full yard shorter as she curtsied. The major made his best bow, and Deborah listened at the key-hole.

"I am sorry, ma'am, if I have intruded!" and Muffin waited as those who say "they are sorry if they have intruded" always do. Penelope said as usual.

"Don't mention it, Major Muffin. Pray take a chair."

Muffin felt bashful to a degree. This may perhaps sound singular, as the major was in the army; but summoning his courage, he began by "hoping Miss Crab was in good health." Her answer delighted him by informing him she was "quite, thank you." And after travelling through the many intricacies of a self-introduction, and that to a lady, the major "begged to assure her of the great respect he had always entertained for Miss Penelope Crab." He had condemned that virtuous lady to the Satanic domains a hundred times, and Muffin hem'd, or rather grunted. His cravat was tight, perhaps, but nevertheless he expressed his sorrow, "that, neighbors as they were, they were not better acquainted; and if Miss Crab—" here Muffin had a dead stop, and Penelope, scarlet with confusion, rang the bell. Deborah, like a prudent maid as she was, moved on tiptoe from the key-hole, and creeping down the first flight of stairs, walked heavily up again into the room, as though she had just come from the kitchen.

She was told to hand Major Muffin a glass of wine.

The conversation now proceeded more glibly; the gentleman ceased to stammer, and the lady gave over blushing as a bad job, whilst Muffin began to think her a much nicer woman than he had ever believed it in her nature to be. Penelope felt as she hadn't felt for years. Could it be possible she was fated to be Mrs. Major Muffin!

The wise in society, if they wish to ingratiate themselves in the good graces of the mother, always begin by extolling those of her chubby brat;—the female heart opens as to a magic key at every fresh shower of "sweet little creature!" and "how like its mother!" The major, as a man of the world, began by praising, not Miss Crab, little Crab—that was a pleasure to come—but her parrot! Penelope felt the compliment, and commenced enlarging upon his merits, and Muffin was made sensible that the parrot was a very good parrot, for he said prayers like a Christian as he was, and was as full of good sentences as a pincushion is of pins, in the advent of "a little stranger." In fact, Penelope's Poll was a bird of character! he whistled Hallelujah like an organ, and could say the Lord's Prayer as well as an archbishop! The parrot, evidently aware he was the subject of conversation, smoothed his feathers, and fixed his black eye like a gimblet upon Major Muffin, who, taking a chair beside the cage, delighted Penelope by asking Poll "What it was o'clock?" Poll was as correct as a sun-dial, and then, whistling a hymn, convinced Muffin of his powers.

"Some people," and Penelope looked at the major, "teach their parrots to swear. She never trusted her poll even into the balcony, for fear," as she said "his morals should be corrupted. *Some* people, she had heard," and she emphasised the word, "were not so particular."

The Major's cravat was again inconveniently tight. Feeling himself slightly pulled, Muffin turned his head, and saw, to his horror, the parrot quietly amusing himself by biting sundry holes in the tails of his coat, new on that day! Penelope started up as if she had been shot at hearing the major d—n so good a bird, as he tried to extricate his coat. But Poll fastened on it with his claws and beak, and fed upon it as if making a meal. A sudden jerk freed the coat, while Poll in a passion shouted several sentences of scriptural condemnations against the major's soul, as with his wings outspread, he fluttered along the perch, and screamed up and down the sides of his cage. Penelope cried, "Ah, you naughty bird!" while the major eyed him with a look of death, and talked of "wringing necks," as he inspected the damage done to his coat. But Muffin was under an evil star, for as his hand incautiously strayed near the wires of his cage, the parrot darted on it, and, seizing one of the fingers in his beak, made the ends meet at the bone. Muffin shouted ten thousand deaths, and dragged the cage half across the room, for pretty Poll held by his flesh like a vice, before he could get away. Had Penelope not rushed as she did between the major and his wrath, we fear Jeremiah woule have met a bird's death. His neck, however, remained untwisted, and Muffin's finger was bound up with a piece of rag.

The conversation having continued some short time further, Major Muffin rose to depart, assuring Miss Crab, as he did so, and, as he said, "from the bottom of his heart," that she had made him feel a happy man. "You will be sure and come," continued the major; "and perhaps you will bring your parrot with you:" he looked as if he could have eaten it. "Pretty fellow! he will be a companion for my Bob." Penelope hinted something about "evil communications;" but Muffin maintained the report to be unfounded, and declared Bob to be the best-natured creature under the sun, and never bit anything but his *food*. Here the major rubbed his finger.

Penelope, after the usual number of "good mornings" had passed, opened the drawing-room door; Deborah stood ready at the street one; and Major Muffin, after saying he "should expect her at five," made his bow and his exit, and, as he went down the steps, felt satisfied that he had made an impression upon his next-door neighbor.

Now, Deborah and Molly had tiffed in the morning, while discussing the relative merits of the rival parrots; but as they were fetching the beer for dinner, it so happened they each arrived at their area gates at the same moment. When a woman has a secret to tell, she forgets even her dislike; and Deborah beckoned mysteriously with her finger. Now, Molly was still boiling with her forenoon's indignation; but as Deborah had made the "*amende honorable*," she swallowed her pride, as she had often done other things, and waited, jug in hand, to hear Deborah's communication.

"Molly,"—Deborah looked like a prophetess as she added, "who'd a' thought it!"

Molly prepared herself for the intelligence by a long draught of beer. The other had lips only for her secret, as she said, "Who do you think has been to see missus this morning!" Molly looked, as she really was,—ignorant.

Deborah, after sundry telegraphic signals, whispered in her ear, "Major Muffin!"

"Master!" and Molly, who was naturally of a quiet disposition, stood so with astonishment.

"And what do you think!" said the other; "he asked her to go to tea!"

"Miss Crab coming to tea! Molly gazed with unbelief.

"And her parrot's going as well. I see what it will end in," and Deborah bobbed her head with a most meaning bob. "There'll be a Mrs. Major Muffin before long, I'm thinking. You should have seen how they looked at one another, and how missus blushed!"

"Blushed!—how could you see!" asked the inquiring Molly.

"How did I see?" and Deborah felt surprised that any servant should ask such a question; "why, through the key-hole!"

The bells of both kitchens, after having been rang several times, became at length violently communicative, and the servant maids ran down their area steps, big with the fate, not of Cato, but of their master and missus. * * * *

The clock was striking five, when Miss Penelope Crab knocked at the door of her next-door neighbour. Deborah stood on the top step with the cage in her hand. The parrot, like a good bird, sat meekly on his perch, and seemed conscious he was going to pay a visit. The door was opened, and the lady was shown up-stairs. Muffin himself met them at the top, handed her a chair, and sat, like a gentleman should, close by her side. Molly, profiting by their example, placed Jeremiah in his cage, side by side with Bob, shut the door, and proved herself a much better servant than Deborah had supposed her to be, for she listened most attentively on the outside.

The parrots, as parrots always do, looked suspiciously at one another with their bead-like eyes, but remained quiet on their perches.

Now, Muffin, although no Jason, saw in perspective a "golden fleece;" for that Penelope *had* gold there was no question: he had fully satisfied himself of that fact, and the vapours of his dislike melted as before a rising sun, that looked upon his poverty, and turned it into wealth! Gold, that true philosopher's stone, which all seek for,—that fruit all hope to gather, made him turn his eyes upon Penelope Crab, who, dowerless, might have lived next door for ages, and unsought of Muffin; but, laden with a freight of thousands, the man of war hoped to sail in her company upon the sea of Matrimony. But there were hidden rocks he dreamt not of—why did Major Muffin keep a parrot.

Penelope herself could not be called shy upon the question. She was fifty; and wished—as every reasonable woman wishes—to be married; and, if the gentleman should propose, Penelope felt she must say yes. Of one thing she was certain, that she should not say *no*. And Major Muffin, why—why did he keep a parrot!

Tea was brought in; Penelope did the honors. The "mix'd" was plentifully shovelled from the caddy; and the major was sensible of the delicate attention when Penelope disdained the toast, and fastened on the muffins. He looked upon it as a good omen; and hoped ere long to be himself as well buttered! Tea was poured out, and milked by her own hand to his liking; while he returned the compliment by sugaring hers, which he did to a degree of nicety scarcely to be believed; for she looked and smiled, and looked and blushed, "and smiled again." While the major, like a skilful general, attacked the enemy in the weakest part; and with well-directed volleys of mouth-flattery aimed directly at her heart! While she,—what woman could do otherwise,—she looked as if she must give in, for the major pressed his attacks with so much vigor, and the tea was *so* nice, that Penelope, icy virgin as she was, began to melt before the warmth of the gentleman's affection! The longest winter, though wrapped in storms and frowns, smiles at length at the young-leafed summer, and Penelope Crab, who had so long nursed herself in maidenhood, felt overjoyed at the prospect of becoming a wife, perhaps a mother! The thought of a little Major Muffin grafted on a Crab, made her heart bound like a shuttlecock, and turned her—what we assure our readers she never was—topsy-turvy.

The parrots—for parrots are wise birds—seeing what was going on at the other end of the room between the master and mistress, began moving with a sidelong look over their cages, and every now and then muttered indistinct chatterings, as if desirous of a little more familiarity, but neither liking to begin: unlike the major, who pressed Penelope with all the eloquence he was master of, to take "another cup of tea."

"I'd rather not, thank you, Major Muffin."

Penelope had already despatched four cups, and vowed "she couldn't drink any more."

"Another bit of muffin?" and the major handed the plate.

This was an offer she knew not how to resist: she couldn't find it in her heart to refuse muffin. Leering in his face, she looked what she spoke, that "she couldn't refuse Major Muffin."

He drew his chair a little nearer, and took her hand. Penelope employed the other with a spoon. The major, heaving a sigh like a pavior, declared himself to be an "unfortunate man!" and he shook his head. Penelope also sighed, and endeavoured to fancy herself what we are sure she was not—"an unfortunate woman!"

"Yes," cried the major, "I am an unfortunate wretch; for I have trifled with my affections until they have left me a man without a heart." Penelope felt she did not know how. The major continued, "Yes, Penelope, I am a man without a heart," and he squeezed her hand. The other was actively engaged with the teaspoon. "This hand," and he gave it another squeeze, "this hand is to me as good as gold!" and Muffin looked as though he had spoken a truth. "Yes, Penelope, future peace and present joy are written in the lines of this little palm!" saying which the major—our pen trembles as we record the fact—ravished a kiss! Penelope was no doubt thinking of something else, or she would have snatched it away; but her mind dwelt on the spoon, which moved in mystic circles over the tea-board, and doubtless drowned the noise of the kiss, though Molly affirms to this day that she heard it outside the door!

A skilful general watches with a hawk's eye for a fortunate chance. The major ought to have been promoted to field marshal; for never did man take better advantage of "the weak invention of the enemy." And, as for a fortunate chance, Penelope, with her wreath of red roses, was to him fortune itself. With one arm gently roving round her waist, he pressed the yielding damsel to his breast, and whispered soft persuasions in her willing ear, "Would she!—would she!—oh! would she!"

"Would I what!" and Penelope looked bashful.

"I dare not ask," cried the major like a hero of romance. "But, if—," her white dress crushed like tissue-paper as he drew her to his side. "if I might venture to propose—" Penelope held the spoon quiet, while Muffin looked as much like a Romeo as any man of forty in a blue surtout and brass buttons could, as he added, "dare I venture?—dare I!—may I!"

Penelope looked in his face as much as to say, "he might," dropped her eyes upon the ground, and remained silent.

Silence we all know gives consent. Muffin evidently thought so; and, sinking upon one knee, insinuated in his softest tones, "Oh, Penelope, will you be mine! Say yes!—only yes!—only—only—"

"Ye—" The "s" was only wanting to complete the happy word as Penelope was turning to embrace him; when the major's parrot, in a long, loud chuckle, shouted out, evidently in imitation of his master's voice, "I wish that damn'd old woman next door was dead!" which Miss Crab's Jeremiah seconded by saying, "we beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!"

Penelope started up as if cut out of wood. Her own parrot, the sainted Jeremiah, to pray for such a wish! And the major's parrot, who had no doubt repeated what he had often heard, he to wish her not only dead, but the other thing! and just as he had "popped the question," and she was going say "yes." Wood!—she was stone!

Major Muffin—yes, Major Muffin knelt, and seemed as he could never rise; but his fault did; he looked upon his error, and saw it written, "Never speak before parrots!"

The end of this tale may easily be conceived. The parrots once started, vied with each other which could speak the fastest. Bob made over the old—we omit the word—next door, not only over to death, but to the dominions of a gentleman who shall be nameless, with an accompaniment of all oaths that are pronounceable. While Penelope's Jeremiah, her sweet Poll, swore at the other, only in a different style—*his* were orthodox condemnations! And thus a volley of screams and chuckling abuse was kept up between the two birds, who clapped their wings, and shouted as if taking a part with their master and mistress.

Penelope—not to be outdone by her Poll—bestowed upon Major Muffin the fruits of her displeasure; ane after calling him "base wretch!" "villain!" "monster!" "brute!" and sundry other epithets which females pronounce so glibly, left the room with a bounce, and the house with a bang, leaving the major still on his knee in a cloud of wonder, rage, and disappointment.

The tea-things flew about the room; and his old favorite Poll, the innocent cause of so much mischief, had a narrow escape; for the poker, aimed with a deadly aim, whirled across the room to the damage of sundry wires of the cage, but not of Poll; who to this day repeats the daily lessons set by his bachelor master, and chuckles out, "I wish the d—d old woman next door was dead!"

Miss Penelope Crab, with twenty thousand pounds, died as she had lived, a virgin.

"Why did Major Muffin keep a parrot?" Bentley's Miscellany for May.

## A SPORTING YARN.

BY JOE NIGHTHEAD.

On the old spot, just before the foremast on the forecastle, enjoying the delightful freshness of the evening, were assembled the inveterate yarn-spinners, with a pretty numerous auditory collected around them. But each of the petty officers now had his cutlass by his side and a brace of pistols in his belt by way of precaution, and the look-out men were all well armed. At the weather cat-head was our old acquaintance Joe Nighthead, parading with a ship's musket over his shoulder, exposed to the jibes of his messmates, who inquired "when he had last seen Corporal Stunt." Joe, however, took it all with perfect good-humor,—stuck to his text about "King Herod," and "wished he was ashore going a-shooting."

"Ah, you looks like a sporting character!" said Bob Martingal; "but I'm blow'd if I thinks you could hit a hare—unless you fired at a wig."

"I remembers some years ago," said the captain of the forecastle, "having a prime bit o' fun in the sporting way. I was a fore-topman in the Plover sloop-of-war as was fitting in Portsmouth harbor, and had charge of the jolly-boat. So, one day the purser axes me whether I'd go with him and the master out a-shooting, just to carry the game and some grub;—I suppose they meant me for a pointer. So, in course, messmates, I says 'Yes,' and away we started; them with a long gun each, and I with powder and shot, and a bread-bag with some biscuit, a piece of beef, and a full bottle of rum. Now, messmates, thinks I, 'Where the devil's the use of going a-sporting without dogs?' and so, going through Oyster street, I sees a bandy-leg cur as come waddling and barking out of a barber's shop, and I chirps to him like a bird, and throws him a bit of beef, and I'm blessed if he didn't follow me as nat'ral as a child would its daddy, and so I christens him 'Beauty;' and he twinkles his day-lights and wags his outrigger abaft, as had ounly a short stump left; and I gives him another piece of beef, and he joins company just as rational as anybody else as was hungry. Presently afterwards I falls in with a larger hanimal as was caulking under the lee of a butcher's shamble;—I thinks he was what they calls the bull breed,—but he was blind of one eye, and precious fine in his scantling, seeing as he showed his ribs through 'em. So I pitches him a piece of beef: for, says I to myself, 'It's best to have a pair on 'em, seeing as mayhap we may go a-hunting afore we gets into port again,'—for, shipmates, as all on you knows, there's never such a thing as telling what may turn up when onest you're in chace. So, as I said, I pitches him a lump of beef, and 'Yo-hoy!' says I, 'will you haul your wind and go along wi' me?' So he picks up the beef, and winks his one eye at me, as much as to say, 'Don't let my master know, and I'll be under your starn in a minute.'—'All's well and good,' says I, 'and there's no more about it.' So I christens him 'Boney,' and coaxes and pats him; and away he dropt into my wake alongside o' Beauty, just as natural as life.

"And a pretty fleet there was of us, messmates, as we went sailing along all ship-shape, in three divisions. First, there was a Muster Gunter, the master, reg'lar Dutch build, weighing about eighteen stone, and as full of blubber as a sparmacity. By his side was Muster Stork, the purser, as fat as a match, and his legs swelled as thick as tobacco-pipes; he was nearly a fathom in length, and he looked for all the world as if his mother had stretched him out like a thread-paper that his figure might keep tally with his name. These two, with their guns over their shoulders, formed the wan division. Then there was me, Bill Thompson, made the centre division; and the two hanimals, Boney and Beauty, brought up the rear. So away we goes into the fields,—where I hadn't been for many a long day—no, not since I was a younker and went bird's nesting. Howsomever, away we went, and every now and then the guns went bang! but we couldn't never see no game whatsomever to pick up; so I sarches along in the dykes, and the dogs follows me; and, being out of sight of the officers, I sarves out the rum in fair drams atwixt myself and the hanimals, seeing as we had most of the work to do."

"You don't mean to say, Bill, that you gave the dogs the rum!" said the sergeant of marines, who stood leaning against the mast.

"But I do, though!" responded Bill somewhat angrily. "Do you think I'd cheat a messmate! for I baled 'em out full measures, and axed 'em to take it, and if they wouldn't, why then in good right as belonging to the same mess, it was mine; and so, every time as I took a nip myself, in course I sarved it out to them. I defy any messmates as ever I had, to say I ever wronged him!"

"I'm satisfied, Bill," said the sergeant of marines, laughing; "such messmates, when they pipe to grog, would be convenient every day.—But go on, my boy!"

"Well, shipmates," continued Bill, "d— the thing could we find, though both the purser and master swore they'd hit everything they'd fired at; and being cowled, I got behind a haystack with the hanimals, and fell foul of the beef and bread, whilst the officers were sarching for hares and rabbits, and pheasants, and ducks, and partridges; and a precious lot on 'em they shot, only the creatures couldn't be found. At last the grub was all gone, and we'd emptied the bottle; so I made convenient to drop the bag as we were crossing some stubble to join the rest of the fleet, and then I got a blowing-up for my carelessness, and they swore I was drunk,—as if one bottle of rum was likely to tosticate three on us. But they were cowld and hungry, and so we bore up for a snug village; where we got into a capital roadstead, and the master ordered a fresh supply of provisions,—eggs and bacon, and roast pork, with a glorious mixing of hot flip and ale, and brandy pawney. So the officers dines by theirsels, in course, in one room; and we—that's me, and Boney and Beauty—pipes to dinner in another; and so I makes 'em sit up at table all messmate-like, and sarves out the grub reg'lar fair and square, and offers 'em the suction as I did afore, and, as they wouldn't stow it away, I was compelled to take their share and my own too. And a jovial time we had of it! we lived like fighting cocks, and Boney winked his one eye and Beauty wagged his stump as I drank 'Better times to us!' and the lubbers in the galley laughed, and there was a precious shindy.

"Arter a good tuck-out, and hoisting in a proper allowance o' strong flip, the master would go out and try his luck with the gun again; so away we went; and I'm blessed if I didn't see plenty of game,—for every sparrow looked to me as big as a turkey-cock; but somehow or other, they all got away. At last Muster Gunter, says he, 'Hould on, Thompson; there's a fine hare!' And sure enough there was someut upon a ridge near the middle of the field as looked werry much like it; though Muster Stork, who was more aloft than we, swore it was no such thing. Howsoever, the master would let fly at it, and sartinly he knocked it over between the ridges dead enough; but whilst we were going towards the place, we hears the terriblest rumpus behind, and I'm blessed if there warn't a bull coming up astarn within a few fathoms of us! his spanker-boom rigged right out abaft, and his bow-chasers pointed towards ould Muster Gunter. 'Run, master, run!' shouts the purser, making sail away, and trusting to the length of his heels. 'Run, your honor!' says I, 'or else I'm d— if he don't mean boarding on you!' And so the ould man starts, and carries on a taut press; and I tries by sending a shot at the hanimal to draw him off the chase. Well, he hauls his wind for an instant; but, seeing there were three on us in the centre and rear division, he ups stick again, and cracks on arter the master, who luckily had got a start through the diversion I had made, and reached the hedge leading into the next field; but he couldn't get through, for the passage was choked by one of them yarn-winch stiles, and he got jammed hard and fast in the middle of it just as the bull was coming to close quarters.

"'Hurrah, messmates!' says I to the two dogs. 'Hurrah, Boney! hurrah, Beauty! bear down to the rescue!' And so off we set, the hanimals understanding me all the same as nat'ral born Christens; so that just as the bull was going to sky Muster Ganter up like a ha'penny for heads or tails, Boney seizes him by the nose and pins him down, whilst Beauty catches hould of his neck. 'And that's my darlings!' says I; 'they're reg'lar hunters; nothing comes amiss to 'em, from a cockroach to a buffalo!' Well, shipmates, at that very momentum, —the master stuck hard and fast, and the bull repelling the boarding-party,—up comes a gang of liberty-boys from the ould Rattlesnake, as was lying next hulk to ours, who had come out for a country-cruise, and we soon drove the bull off, with the help of Boney and Beauty; and having got the master out of limbo by rousing down the stancheon, we looked out for the purser; but, like the game they'd shot, he warn't nowhere to be seen, till at last we diskivered a pair of heels sticking out of a hedge, and I'm blowed if they warn't Muster Stork's! He'd taken a run to jump over, thinking the hanimal's horns were in his starn; had made a bit of a slip, and come down head-foremost on to the top of the hedge, burying his head and shoulders in the bushes, and jamming his arms like Jackson so as he had no manner o' use on 'em: and there he stuck, with his legs spread out, looking for all the world like the letter Y, or more like the Shears beacon in the Swin.—Well, arter a good deal o' trouble and man-handling we roused him out o' that, and set him on eend all atrunto, except his figure-head, which had got d—ly mauled amongst the brambles. But the master would go for the hare he had shot, and so we all made sail along with him to the place; and when we got there, he lifts it up from between the ridges—and what do you think it was, shipmates! Well, then, I'm blowed if it warnt the bread-bag as I'd dropped there afore dinner! and the shot had knocked the rum-bottle all to shivers, so that me and my messmates were saved from blame in regard of the stuff being gone."

A general laugh followed this announcement, which brought a command from the quarter-deck for "less noise, and a better look-out on the fokstle!"

"Well, shipmates," continued Bill, as soon as the usual "Ay, ay, my lord" had been given, "away we sherried with the master's hare, shaping our course for the public-house; and if we didn't have a jovial sheav-o for the rest of the day, then nobody never had a jovial sheav-o in their lives; and Boney and Beauty were treated to the best the place could afford, and if they're alive now, they arn't forgot no more nor me, the day we went out a-shooting." Bentley's Miscellany.

## ENGLISH TRAINING, &c.

Most horses in England are trained in public stables, and it is by no means a rare circumstance for three, four, or five colts belonging to different gentlemen, entered in the same race, to be trained in the same stable, and the same trial horse used with all of them—this is an essential difference in their mode of racing, or rather management, than ours—one which our clubs would not permit, and one to which few of our gentlemen would submit, and I may add, none could afford.

It is usual to send a colt of promise, and one that has early engagements on him to the trainer at twenty months old; this allows him to be broke and have a light training, that he may be ready for the two year old stakes—the nominations for these stakes have heretofore been made in January, hence the necessity of early training, if they wish to know anything of their colt.

On going into the stable, he has usually two doses of physic, from four to six drachms aloes, with some cordials added, to prevent its too violent effects—and this, too, is the course with all horses in the commencement, whether wanting or not, it is on no consideration to be ommitted.

The horse then goes through a course of regular walking exercise, generally two weeks, in this they occupy from four to five hours each day—at the end of that time they commence galloping, and here they differ much from our practice; they take many short gallops—in their language, they take one gallop and five or six canters, with walking between each, and when at full work, they are out sometimes five hours, by this time the horse is thoroughly worried, and in many instances, it has, in my opinion, an unfortunate influence on the temper of the horses, and would ruin most of them, but they seldom exercise them more than once a day—at mid-day they are watered in the stable, and in the evening a walk of a few minutes only, they are watered, dressed, and have their evening feed—this is surely the best plan they could pursue, after the long exercise of the morning. It is usual to divide the feeds into five or six, this consists of oats, these are truly good—beans in the proportion of one third, and hay of the very best quality, old, sweet, and sound. The price is two guineas a week for training, and the owner is expected to pay for medicine, clothing, and farriers and saddlers' bills—the trainer feeds the horse, finds stable and litter, furnishes a jockey to exercise him, and boards him. Now in this division of the expenses, you will observe the charges which the owner and trainer each bear, are distinctly marked out. No horses in the world are so well found in clothes, physic, saddlery, and shoes—these are always of the best—but then it becomes the interest of the trainer that his part of the contract should be fulfilled at as small an expense as possible, hence each jockey is his own nobber—you see but one boy to a horse in all England, and this again influences the stable management of the horse. When a horse comes to the stable from work, his feet are washed out, and a damp spunge or a piece of chamois leather merely passed over the legs, and in a few moments the legs are dry, when the dressing of the body begins—sometimes they use a wisp of damp hay or straw, but they use the brush much more than we do—this leaves the skin and hair in the finest possible condition, and as the stables are invariably warm, and they use heavy clothing, the coats of their horses are always fine, and so far as this is an index of condition, they are surely superior to the race horses in America—but this is by no means a certain test, warm stables and clothing, with good grooming, may give that appearance even when his work has not been of the right sort to enable him to last in a race.

Now as it is easy to give horses on light work this appearance of blooming condition, many of the English shew a want of game in their races, when it is merely a want of proper condition. I am persuaded there are as many horses of bottom or game now in that country as at any previous period, for though it is true many of the best stakes are run for at short distances and single heats, and most of the breeders in the south of England breed only speedy stock, yet as there are so many thoroughbreds now raised there, many of them show much bottom in racing for cups and king's plates at the great provincial meetings, and this, too, many times when their previous training would not justify such an expectation.

The trainers in England rely on the sweating to get what they term length in their horses, when they clothe them heavily, and in the latter part of the exercise at the strongest pace, often four, five, or six miles, right an end, and often the last two miles at speed. They consider a sweat somewhat in the light of a trial, and on their plan they are not far wrong—but the system itself is erroneous, and but for the softness of their training grounds, usually moors, with a soft, spongy, velvet covering, not one horse in ten would come sound to the post, even now more than one half train off at three. It is strange they should not change a practice so at war with common sense, and contradicted by daily experience. Every man should know, that with the increased weight of his clothing, made still greater by the quantity of perspirtiaon absorbed, his whole system relaxed by exertion and fatigue, he must be much more liable to break down than even under greater exertion, when the weight was lighter and his condition fresh. I think it may be safely assumed that more horses are broken down in sweats than in races, and mainly attributable to their mode of sweating. It is usual after a sweat to wash their legs thoroughly in warm water, then rubbing their heels and fetlocks dry, bandage the legs with strips of flannel dipped in warm water. This they consider much better than the tedious process of rubbing them dry—when a boy rubs the legs, he sits at the side of the horse and rubs both hind or fore legs, as the case may be, the horse being required to change the position of his leg for the convenience of the boy. This very position is an evidence they rub the legs but little, or they would have placed themselves so as to operate more conveniently and effectually too. In short, a man may see one hundred race horses trained in England, not one of them will show that his legs are rubbed at all, but his body will be fine as silk—this is a marked difference in the stable management here and there. This you may see at the first glance on viewing the horses: but it is not so easy to determine which is the better system; for my own part I incline to the opinion, that good leg rubbing has a great tendency to promote a healthy circulation in the extremities, and prevent or cure cracked heels, when the condition of the horse will justify the expectation, he should escape that curse of the race horse in both countries. The English mode shortens much the stable duties, and enables them sooner to dress and feed horses already worried and hungry—it follows on their system of work as the better plan.

In all the training stables there are always one, sometimes two, trial horses, for they rely not on timing—so soon as the horses are in condition, the owners are advised when their horses will be tried, and they may attend, or send some confidential person to do so. When all the trials of a stable are made, it follows as a consequence, that the trainer, and sometimes his head groom also, alone know the real weights carried by the horses, and also the true relative speed of all the horses in the stable. This opens a fine field for speculation to the trainer and his confederates; when several horses start from his stable for the same purpose, he can by good management raise the reputation of one, he becomes heavily backed to win, when the groom knows full well that a much better will start in the same race from his stable; or if that matter is doubtful, he has it in his power to insure the event by a slight exertion of his skill, the night previous to, or morning of the race This is a sure game, and may be played strong when the object is sufficient. I look on this, though not usually enumerated, as the largest and most certain part of his profits. He may serve one patron at the expense of another; thus two horses start from the same stable, he says to one, your horse is stout, let him go the pace the whole distance, that is your chance to win—to another, your horse is speedy, nurse him till the last, such a horse will make the running for you, when all are blown you may come up and win. In this way one horse is sacrificed to increase the chances of the other, and when this succeeds, the kindness of the trainer is not forgotten.

It is true that on the day of the race the owner generally selects his own jockey, and gives him his directions for the race, but he is almost certain to consult his groom on the subject, as he is supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with the qualities of the horse, then comes his chance of giving a *little profitable* advice.

The jockeys in England are almost a distinct race, bred up, it is true, in some training stable, but once out of their apprenticeship they attend all the races, sometimes riding four races in the same day—they have a regular price for the races won, and also for those lost. When a jockey wins the Derby, the Leger, or the Oaks, it is quite an event in his life, and in gratuities from the winners, he often receives large sums—in some instances, many thousand dollars. Many of them are men quite advanced in years, respectable in character and fortune; some of them enjoy regular salaries from the nobility, of one or two hundred a year—these are then called their first masters, that is, they are bound first to offer their services to them in all races, but if not wanted in a race, they may ride against them, and this often occurs in the variety of weights horses carry in England.

Racing commences the last of April, and ends the last of October, during which period both jockeys and horses are in constant training. After the Newmarket Houghton meeting, the horses are turned out; that is to say, the young ones are fed and fattened, with gentle exercise, to promote condition and health. Horses of five, six, and seven years old, are usually turned a part of each day in paddocks, and regularly well fed till the next February, when they are again taken up. The jockeys after living sparely, and on low diet, all the racing season, then once more indulge in all the pleasures of the table to compensate them for their long penance. It is said that the celebrated Buckle always had a roasted goose for his supper the last night of the Houghton meeting, which seemed to afford him the most superlative enjoyment.

These jockeys are most of them required to waste from fourteen to twenty-eight pounds, and as they ride almost every week for six months, they find it necessary to subject themselves to rigorous abstinence and severe exercise, in order to retain their health and strength, both indispensable to their success. A.

Turf Register for June.

## BREEDING, TRAINING, &c.

I came in my last to the conclusion, that if some difference of opinion existed as to the cause, yet all admitted the fact, that in general the race horse of the present day did not last on the turf as in the olden times. By some it has been attributed to the increased size of the blood horse in England and the consequent change in his form, and by some to his early training and appearance on the turf. There is no question these causes have united to produce this unfortunate result, but in my opinion, their mode of training with their change in the manner of racing at high weights and short distances have contributed their full share to the evil. In order to arrive at something like a fair conclusion on this subject, it will be necessary to take a short view of the manner horses are usually prepared for Newmarket, and the fashionable courses in the South.

Training in England differs materially from ours at this day, and with all due deference, I hazard the opinion, they are far behind us in that art which we learnt of them, and that they are doomed to remain so. In England, training has been confined for a long period to a single class, who have been raised in training stables, which for the last hundred years have pursued the same mode of physic, feed, and general treatment; these men consider all learning as worse than useless, all change as innovation, and all improvement as heresy—in short, they are wedded to errors and ignorance. To such men are the blood stock of England entrusted; gentlemen of fortune and education, never trouble themselves with the details of the training stable, all that is expected of them, that they be able to pay the expenses, if they were to interfere in the management of their horses, these knights of the currycomb would take the *studs*, and would either send the horse from their *stables*, or insure his defeat—they are like the servants of the people, who some how contrive to play the master. Not so in this country—here many gentlemen are their own trainers, at least, superintend and direct the management of their horses during the whole process; these are the most successful turfites among us. Of these some employ trainers who have been raised in a racing stable, on whose attention and integrity they can rely for a faithful execution of all directions, and some rely on a servant as first groom of his training establishment, but he relies at all times on his own judgment and discretion to direct, while another is left merely to carry out the details. He enters on the management of his stable shackled by no old prejudices, wedded to no errors, sanctioned only by time and ignorance; but willing to avail himself of the aid of his reason and such lights as the experience of others may afford him, he sees a variety of management and managers, among them he selects that mode which success may recommend, or his judgment may approve; such a man may and will improve, and such, indeed, has been the consequence and result. Let us return to English training; the breeders and owners of race horses are all men of fortune, from the expense none others can embark in it—their young stock are all attended to by grooms who have charge of the breeding studs, and these are usually managed in the best possible way, as breeding farms are a part of the fashionable expenses of the nobility and gentry, and as those *in the administration* carry on the business at the expense of others, *they spare no cost*, and the thing is well done; and I hazard nothing in asserting the blood stock of England are better raised than in any other part of the world, at a greater expense it is true, for they all go on the maxim that *the master* is able to pay and should do so. At one year old the colts are usually broke to the halter, regularly stabled, groomed, and fed; the ensuing fall, then about eighteen or twenty months old, they go into the training stable, where they undergo a light training, and have a trial of speed about the last of December—as many of the nominations for the two and three year old stakes come on the first of January; a few weeks rest to get them again fresh on their legs, when training commences for the two year olds spring stakes. Some of these come off as early as the first of April, and may be said to continue till the following October; and if they perform well, are again put in training for their three year old engagements, some of which are confined to colts of their own age, but many of them are free handicaps for all ages. These races are seldom longer than two miles, most of them under that distance; all the two year olds run half a mile, and the three year old stakes are from three quarters of a mile to one and three quarters, seldom, if ever, repeating, and then only heats of one mile. They usually carry from 108 lbs. to 120 lbs. on colts; this we should deem high weights; but they risk large sums on their races, and they wish to avail themselves of the experience of such jockeys as may have the skill and strength to manage their horses to the best advantage, and these qualifications are seldom to be found among boys.

The race horse in England has usually acquired his full size, stride, and speed at three years old, but his bones and tendons are by no means matured, the unnatural weight of the horse, being as large at three as he should be at seven years old, added to the weight of his rider, when multiplied by his velocity, is the burthen or distress which his legs are called upon to bear, and this is in some degree influenced by his stride; hence we see in all countries that short-legged horses usually last best, but legs long or short, no one can be surprised if they break down early, when colts are bred to the size of horses, and required to perform their duties. These short races and single heats were introduced in England under the false plea of humanity. The truth is, Sir Charles Bunbury, whose influence did much to bring about this change, got into a somewhat soft set of speedy, jadish horses, suited to neither long nor repeating races; and the betting men, who always have much influence in these matters, saw their advantage in the new system and perpetuated it. Now, I venture the assertion, that the horses of the present time do not last on the turf as when they ran long repeating races, and if we ever adopt that mode of racing here the same result will follow; nay more, the horses now in England that are prepared and run for plates and cups, last longer on the turf than those that run only short races and single heats, though the latter run most of their races under two miles, while the first never run less than that distance, sometimes more, and often repeat; many of these races, too, are with higher weights than are ever carried in short races.

Let any man take the Racing Calendar and observe the number of aged horses (winners) in any one or any given number of years, look into his performances, and he will find he is a regular plate horse. This has been brought about by the difference in the preparation of the horses, and the fact that a horse in high health, strength, and spirit, when called upon to exert all his powers in a single burst of speed, for one mile or a mile and a half, is much more apt to give way than a horse in fine condition for a long race, who is kept somewhat below the mark for the greater part, and who is not called out till near its close, by which time he will have lost that violent action and great speed for which they are so liable to sustain injury in short races. The most important stakes in England, both in the amount of the purses and the chances for speculation among the betting men, are the colt stakes for two and three year olds. Those who keep themselves well informed on the subject of trials, can always make a good thing of it; with them it is a matter of indifference whether a colt be good or bad, the great matter is to be well informed on the subject, and back him or bet against him accordingly; they never commit the folly of backing a horse because he belongs to themselves or a friend; few of the betting men but have as many wagers against, as for their horses, and if not a real good one, often more.

This system of sporting opens a wide door for fraud. Many of these horses are trained in the same stable, although belonging to different gentlemen, when the race comes on, either the owners often confederate, or the trainer and assistants, all of whom are bettors. On comparing books, may find that if a certain horse (who, by the way, may be the best in the stable) wins the purse, all may be losers, and that if another comes first to the post all win. Does any one on this or the other side of the water doubt the thing will be managed to the best advantage.

At the Derby race in 1837, J. Robinson, who had backed Mickle Fell to win, was in the Warren to see the horses saddled, remarked to a groom that his horses seemed not prepared for the race; when the other told him in confidence, (they had been old friends) that Mickle Fell was not to win Accordingly the horse (though full as a cart horse) went at the top of his speed, and by the time he had gone half the distance, was beaten entirely off—he seemed to be started to make running for some horse from the same stable, and to afford a sure chance by laying the odds against him; he was a fine, dashing looking colt, the full brother of Trustee, Guardian, and Mundig—this last won the Derby in 1835, of course in such a field, some could be found to back him. Now it is by no means certain but this running to lose may have ruined one of the finest colts in the kingdom, so far, at least, as blood, size, and figure may entitle him to that appellation—in appearance he had no superior in that race, and I doubt if he ever beat a good field after that. But so long as the fashion obtains of making all the best stakes for colts, and these are bred to great size at an early period, and they run short distances at high weights, you may expect them to break down young, their bones and tendons cannot sustain them under the powerful exertion they are called upon to make.

If any man doubts that colts raised on the modern plan are unable to bear the same work as they did some forty years back, let him recollect the manner in which our horses were trained then and now—with all the care and attention which can be bestowed on them at this day, we have usually as many young ones complaining in the legs as sound. It is now the custom to plough or harrow all the tracks in the up country, or they soon have a string of cripples—forty years back no such care was taken, yet the horses remained till aged on the turf, under hard work, and long races.

The late Gen. Benton, of Hillsborough, N. C., trained every fall, spring races were then not so common. The course on which he exercised was a stiff red clay, and at that season usually hard as a pavement. I do not recollect a single horse that gave way in his legs while training, and he had several that lasted many years under hard work on a hard track—he was as successful as most of his contemporaries. Horses were then raised so as not to acquire their full size until five years old, indeed, many intended for the turf grew until aged—they made, I am certain, better horses. But the breeder was not *so soon* or *so well paid*; hence the change. I incline to the belief that the early age at which many of the English horses break down, may be justly ascribed to the forcing system on which colts are now reared, the early period at which they are trained and raced, not allowing time for the tendons to acquire due strength and tenacity, and last, not least, to the violent and powerful exertions they are called upon to make in *short races* at two and three years old. I come to this conclusion, not only from the great distress the horses shew after one of these races, but from the fact, that in Egland the horses running for plates and cups, with the same treatment, are the only horses that now run on; and this fact I oppose to all the theories of the *speculative* and the *canting of those who affect humanity* to favor a dunghill stock.

Long repeating races are the only test of blood; let those who delight in the thoroughbred hold to our system of three and four mile races, where only stout and good ones can win distinction, none else deserve the first rank. A.

Turf Register for June.

### A HIT AT THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.

"What, my dear Lord Slap, what is that collection of curious caps, and——"

"Ha! Plucky, there isn't such another collection as that in the world What do you think they are? They are the hats, caps, bonnets, or call them what you will, of all the watchmen of Europe," answered his Lordship.

"You don't mean to say it, Slap!" cried Plucky.

"Taken with my own hands, my dear Plucky—taken in hard fight; I intend to make another tour for the coats—such fun! I'll have the whole costume before I've done, from the common dress of an English policeman, to the holliday suit of a Janissary. That's what I call real fun—true humor—glorious wit."

"You have travelled, then, my dear Lord!" asked Plucky deferentially.

"Have travelled! I'll show you that I have in a minute—here, never mind the rest of the museum now," and Lord Slap quitted the room, wherein were five hundred knockers, scrapers, barbers' poles, black dolls, dairy-signs of cows, golden boots, and other domestic instruments, and familiar types of commerce. "You ask me if I have travelled, eh? Here, Mameluke," and Slap called to his servant, "hand me my nose bag."

"My dear Lord!" exclaimed the astonished Plucky. "A peer's nose bag!"

"Here it is!" cried the noble lord, as the servant handed to him a tolerably large velvet bag, crammed with, apparently, some weighty substance. "Now, Plucky, lad, you ask me if I have travelled? I will just trouble you to cast your eyes over these," and with a word, the peer emptied the bag of its contents, which fell in a rattling shower upon the table.

"Stones!" shouted Plucky, jumping at the sound.

"Look at 'em, they are stones, but look at 'em," cried the nobleman and born senator with a triumphant air.

Young Plucky picked up the stones one by one, and having minutely examined a dozen of them, exclaimed—"Good God! my lord, why, they're noses!"

"Every one of 'em—warrant 'em all noses," cried Lord Slap: "noses of both genders, and of all shapes, from the nose of Diana to the snout of Pan. That's fun, if you like. A hundred noses! And now I think, Plucky, you'll not ask me again if I have travelled."

"Really, my lord, I'm very dull, I don't see the connexion of your travels with these noses," said Plucky.

"Don't you? Well, then, permit me to illumine you, Mr. Plucky; and to assure you, upon the honor of a nobleman whose whole life, he is proud to say, has been spent in pursuit of the humorous, that these noses are from the most eminent galleries and gardens of the most superb cities of Europe."

"Copies!" asked Plucky.

"Copies be d——d! I chipped them all off the original statues, with my own fingers, with my own hammer, and my own chisel," said the peer.

"You did, my lord!" exclaimed the astonished Plucky.

"I did—it took me some time to do it, too, for I had to watch my opportunity. However, I flatter myself that I succeeded wonderfully; indeed, I may say that I scarcely visited a city throughout the continent that I didn't quit it with a broken nose. That is fun, if you like," exclaimed the mutilating nobleman.

"Ha, ha!" roared Rumpus; "don't you call that wit, Plucky? Isn't that life?"

"Capital! I hadn't an idea," replied Plucky, evidently dazzled by the brilliant prospect of distinguishing himself so suddenly opened upon him.

"However, enough of this, my boys, it's d——d egotism in me to boast of these things," and his lordship gathered the broken noses in a heap, and was about to return them to the bag; seeing the eye of Plucky resting, as his lordship thought, wistfully upon the fragments, the liberal nobleman asked—"Will you have one, Plucky—one as a gage d'amite?"

"No, no—not for the world," answered the modest Plucky; "'twould be a million pities to spoil the set."

"Take them away, Mameluke, and mind, you scoundrel, that you don't lose one." Extract from Douglas Jerrold's new work, "Men and Character."

### CRAB APPLE ELOQUENCE.

The following jury speech was perpetrated in Pike County, Illinois, by a buck-eye lawyer of those parts. It was a *dead cow* case:—

Gentlemen of the Jury,—it are one thing for a man to be brought up, and it are another thing for him to think he are; as for that are man (his opponent), I don't think he war ever brought up at all, but jist naterally fotched down on a raft! He have said a great deal about vexatious suits, and sich; but, gentlemen, if he had a come down to this court, and hadn't found no suits on docket, I guess there'd a been another sort of vexation then. And vexatious or not, the gentleman gits as many fees out on 'em an anybody else. He have told you that we have not proved our cow to be worth a single cent, and that you don't know that she was worth anything. Now this ar not the idea of a sound and legal lawyer, but ar the notion of a mushroom! Sir, there never war a cow since the days of old Adam that war not worth a single cent—for if she warn't worth nothing for a breed cow, she ar worth something for her hide and *taller*, and the tail goes with the hide! He have said much more about our evidence. Now this ar not a criminal case, and we an't obliged to have prima facie evidence. If it war a criminal case like murder, then before you could find him guilty, you must have prima facie evidence of the fact—I say prima facie evidence, that is self-evident of itself! But this an't a criminal case, and we an't bound to have prima facie evidence. And now I think on't, the gentleman told you it war a civil suit for damages, and he said the law I read to you war for a criminal offence. It war so, gentlemen, and I read it to you to show you what we mought have done, if we had a choose to be vexatious as the gentleman supposed—we mought have made a criminal case, but we didn't—and now, gentlemen, I'll tell you a case that came into my head, but I don't know war it is. A man war tuck up for stealing ducks, and they tried him, and war going to find him guilty, when he proved that they war all drakes, and so they didn't have prima facie evidence of the fact. But as I said before, gentlemen, we an't in a criminal case, and we an't bound to have prima facie evidence. The gentleman have said his client's are a hard case It are a hard case, gentlemen of the jury, and it ought for to be; for what says the good book—it says "The ways of the transgressors are always hard!"—and that's the reason why the gentleman's client's are a hard one.

"ALTER THE PLAY, SIR."—A respectable old gentleman, whose chief sublunary desire was to keep the noiseless tenor of his way, and always, if he could, be happy, was once persuaded to go and see Kean perform Richard III. The old buck paid his seven shillings, and got well boxed in front. As the play proceeded, he got considerably fidgetty and inconceivably uncomfortable. In the tower scene he could stand it no longer, he blubbered fairly out, exclaiming, "D——n it, let me out! boxkeeper, let me out! I didn't pay seven shillings to be made miserable, and I won't; give me my money back."—"I can't, Sir," replied the boxkeeper. "You can't, you rascal! then, d——n it, alter the play, Sir; I won't be made miserable."

# SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 16, 1838.


## ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

*Trotting on the Beacon Course next week.*—The Second Spring Meeting of the Trotting Club on this Course commences next Tuesday, and continues four days, during which fine sport is expected, from the great number of good 'uns in training.

*John Bascombe.*—The authenticity of the pedigree of this distinguished "Champion of the Turf" is at length *demonstrated* to the entire satisfaction of the most incredulous, by two articles in the present number of this paper, from the pens of the Rev. HARDY M. CRYER, of Tennessee, and JOHN HARRIS, Esq., of Kentucky. The fact will afford signal gratification to very many breeders, as well as to his gallant owner, and we are pleased that the whole discussion should have been conducted with such general good feeling on all sides. The vexed question, we trust, is for ever settled.

Messrs. PRICE & HUGHES, of Fayette, Mo., have bought from FERGUS DUPLANTIER, Esq., of Louisiana, the following blooded stock:—B. h. *Champion Junior*, (alias *Storm*,) by Champion, dam by Timoleon, 6 yrs. Price, $2000. B. c. *Roderick Dhu*, by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 3 yrs. Price $2000.

*Athletic Exercises on the Beacon Course.*—We hear that several entries have already been made for the different purses offered by Mr. BROWNING, one of the proprietors of this course, for the Encouragement of Athletic Exercises. The Foot racing, we have no doubt, will be first rate. STANNARD, and half a dozen other crack pedestrians, are in training, and by the 27th instant, when the sport commences, we trust to see a strong muster of "the Fancy."

*Dick Chinn*, one of the best horses on the South-western turf, is advertised to stand at Mr. H. BONNER's plantation, near Alexandria, La. (on Red River), at $50 and $75. He is owned by Messrs. M. & T. J. WELLS, and is a Kentucky bred horse; he was got by Sumpter, out of Lucy, by Orphan, he by Ball's Florizel, g. dam Lady Gray (the dam of many race horses), by Robin Gray, he by Imp. Royalist, g. g. dam Maria, by Melzar, he by Imp. Medley, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Highflyer, Baylor's Fearnought, Ariel, Jack of Diamonds, &c. &c.

*More Stock coming over.*—A commission has gone out to England within a week from a South-western State, for the purchase of three stallions and a variety of brood mares and young things. The selection of the stallions evinces great judgment in the parties interested, and they have the ability and will to back it. The amount which the purchaser is authorised to offer can hardly fail to secure the three horses desired, which will be imported this Fall, if the negociation is successful. We are not at liberty at present to say more upon the subject, but the result of these "fair business transactions" will be given to our readers "in advance of the mail."

*The Wave.*—Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS sold his beautiful yacht, bearing this name, to the U. S. Government this week for $8000. She was one of the most splendid and masterly specimens of naval architecture ever in our waters. She was built some six years since by Messrs. BROWN & BELL, of this city, from models of the Messrs. Stevens', and to this day has never met her match. Capt. STOCKTON, when last abroad, matched her against a crack yacht of the Royal British Yacht Club for $100,000; the English gentlemen who made the match visited Liverpool a few days after, to consult the captains of the different packets there upon the merits of the *Wave*, and finding they had waked up the wrong passenger, asked leave to draw the match, to which Capt. S. reluctlantly consented. We are pleased to learn that Mr. Stevens is engaged upon the model of a new yacht to replace "the Wave"—a perfect out and outer.

*Louisville* (Ky.) *Races* commenced on the 5th inst., and next week we shall publish the detailed report of one of our special correspondents, who was in attendance. On the 1st day Mr. MCCUMPSEY's *Esther Cooper* won the Breeders' Plate, and his filly *Josephine* the Sweepstakes. On the 2d day Mr. TARLTON's *Conflict* won the $300 purse, Two mile heats, and on the 3d, his Bertrand filly *Queen Mary* won the $500 purse, Three mile heats. On the 4th day, Mr. JAMES K. DUKE's *Keph* won the purse of $1000, Four mile heats.

At the late Warrenton (N. C.) races the joint blood stock of WM. B. MEARES and the late WM. M. WEST, Esqrs., was sold at auction. *Susan Lindsay*, by Marion, out of Fantail, by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. old, brought $1450; she was purchased by Mr. W. B. MEARES. A Tonson filly, out of Fantail, 2 yrs. old, unbroke, sold for $1810; she was purchased by HUGH ROGERS, Esq., the same gentleman who bought up most of the late Mr. DUGGER's stock.

A Maryland turfman wrote us from Baltimore last Tuesday, that *Lady Cliffden* had had her leg blistered, and that FIELD, her first trainer, is apprehensive that she will not be able to stand a training this Fall.

The same gentleman writes that *Boston*, *Atalanta*, and *Charles Carter*, went down the bay on their way home on Monday afternoon. C. Carter's leg was looking better than could have been anticipated, and he did not appear lame in it.

P.S. Since penning the above, we hear that *Atalanta* is on Long Island with *Suffolk*, and that JOHN BELCHER will train for Capt. BRANCH next season. Col. JOHNSON was never, perhaps, so successful at the North as during the campaign just concluded, in which Belcher had charge of his string.

A match race between Mr. HENRY SMITH's ch. c. *Allen Brown*, by Stockholder out of *Jim Polk's* dam, and Mr. ELI ODEN's g. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of *Sarah Bladen's* dam, has been made for $5,000 a-side, h. f. to come off over the Mount Pleasant, Tenn. Course in the Fall of 1840, when they will be 4 year olds.

JESSE CAGE, Esq. of Gallatin, Tenn. has sold to Col. THOS. WATSON, his ch. c. *The Pony*, by Imp. Leviathan dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs. for $2,000.

HENRY BALDWIN, Jr. Esq. of Franklin, Tenn., has purchased of Mr. THOS FLINTOFF, the imported horse *Mordecai* by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, 5 yrs., at a high figure.

*Editorial Correspondence.*—No doubt a great number of our readers presume, when they open the paper and find races, letters, selections, and what not, all arranged in apple-pie order, that these things are made to our hand—that all we have to do with a letter, for instance, is to send it to the printer, and "the dog is dead"—the thing is done. We will give them a specimen. Here follows a letter, which we have ordered to be printed precisely as written, save the omission of name and date. The writer evidently desired its insertion, and we paid two shillings for it. So here goes:—

the
—— Ala Apr 23 1838

Mr. Editor dear sir this will come to you unexpectied but I am in hops it will bee receved in your columns thinking as I dew that this is Justley dew to as noble animal as this I hav lateley purchesed Sathana a haf brother to John bascomb by old stockholder dam gray goose he is a light chesnut sorel 5 foot two inches high with as much race horse forme as eny in the world he was at tempted to bee trand at a 4 year old and on account of his eyes being weake was compeld to be turnd out and has not bin trained cince but if that myss fortun had not befalan him now dought would have bin the second John bascomb and as Mr. Hammonds reply to some Jentleman could have now dought beet the hol country

truley your friend ——

PS and is making a seson in this city this spring turmes $30 and $40 and $15 and mares sent to remayn with the horse will be kept on reasnable turmes at his stable.

Extracts from a letter dated KNOXVILLE, (Tenn.) May 16, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed you will receive a *something*—[A $5 note on a Nashville bank.]—Send it to Wall-street and have it purified, and give me credit for the balance. I do not wish it to be taken as a *year's subscription in advance*; I will send you something better when I can get it, so as not to be in arrears. "*Who will send two?*" I will, when I can get them trap't: smart ones are hard to catch these days; I'm the only specimen about here. Respectfully your friend, ——

P.S. Direct that essence of fun and information, the Spirit of the Times, to ——, Tenn. I forgot to say I must have it from the commencement of the present volume.

*Foxes.*—In reply to a correspondent in Wallingford, Vt. we would state that we have procured and despatched to South Carolina, all the *varmint* required for the present. Should we receive a commission to procure an additional supply, he shall hear from us; moreover we should like to see him when he arrives in town. We desire a few moments converse with him on some of the interesting topics alluded to in the following paragraph in his letter:—

"There is no sporting news in this quarter, for our wise Legislators have said we *shan't* run or trot our horses, but walk them deliberately to and from church (vide the Blue Laws of old Connecticut), which has had the effect to drive all good horses out of the State. But the way we raise big pigs, calves, and babies up here among the Green Mountains can't be beat by old folks; and the way it would make your mouth water to see some of the strings of trout which we take from the ponds and creeks about here, would be a sin to Crockett; and if you will send me a piece of ice to pack some in, I will fetch you enough when I come down for breakfast for you and yours—that is, if you have got any better half, and if you have not, just come up here among the mountains, and if you don't get one, or at any rate get a little pricked with one of Cupid's darts, I will give you Glass Factory money to bear your expenses back again, cause our gals aint slow for a quarter." J. B. W.

*Sir Richard Baronet.*—Information is desired with regard to the authenticity of the pedigree of a horse of this name; he is a dark chesnut, now 10 or 11 yrs. old, 15½ hands high; he was reared by HENRY U. UNDERHILL, Esq. of Clinton, Dutchess Co. N. Y., and got by Sir Richard (who was bred by Mr. Henry Kelsey, of Po'keepsie, N. Y.—his grandsire old Duroc), his dam a Baronet mare—gr. d. Mr. Bush's Messenger mare Polly (Polly's dam by Sir Archie). This horse, Sir Richard Baronet, was purchased about four years since by Mr. KINGMAN, of Buffalo, and sent by him into Loraine Co. Ohio.

A subscriber at Monroe, Mich., writes us that he has in his possession a horse that with his weight up (185 lbs.) can, in his opinion, beat any other horse in creation in walking, trotting, quarter-racing, or 3 and 4 mile heats. One thousand dollars will be staked on his merits. Our readers would be gratified by this gentleman's furnishing for "the Spirit," some account of the *Grouse Shooting* in Michigan; from the abundance of the game and the excellence of his "black Pointer," he must enjoy capital sport, and few can hit off in more felicitous style "a crack article" on the subject.

## TOP GALLANT AND JOHN BASCOMBE.

GALLATIN, (Tenn.) May 31, 1838.

FRIEND P.—I am aware that the Stud Book (which is to be) is the proper place to register the following; but inasmuch as you were kind enough to publish the inquiries that have elicited this highly valued information, I tender you the honor of giving it to the "breeding public," many of whom are patrons and readers of your paper. And though *Irishman* you be not, yet, when I heard from you last, bachelor you were still, and like Alexander Selkirk in the isle of solitude, you exercise dominion over the "fowl and the brute" only. Never mind, friend P., we will postpone the discussion—i. e., whether it is "best for man to be alone," till a more convenient season.

Not long after you gave to the public my first communication, in which I asked for "*more light*" on the subject of the pedigree of *Top Gallant's* dam, the following extract of a letter, written by Mr. JOHN LAMAR, of Macon, Ga., was received. It will be perceived how much the owners of stock, tracing to Top Gallant through the famous brood mares Madame Tonson and Black Sophia, are indebted to you, Sir, for this information. Black Sophia is the dam of our friend OLIVER's young horse *Birmingham*, and she is the grandam of *Sarah Bladen*, and her full brothers, five of them, all by Leviathan. Madame Tonson, you know, was the dam of the "*Four Tennessee Brothers*," all by Pacolet. And both of those famous old mares were got by Top Gallant, as aforesaid. We had lost the tradition beyond the *Black and all Black* cross in the pedigree of his dam, but fortunately it is recovered. See the extract:—

"MACON, March 21, 1838

"DEAR SIR,—I have observed your communication in the "Spirit of the Times," requesting information respecting *Top Gallant*, by *Old Gallatin*. I know the gentleman very well who raised him—THOMAS BLOUNT, Esq., of Jones Co., of this State, about fifteen miles from this city. As I have some stock tracing to the crosses, I have procured all the information you desire, which you may rest assured is true. Mr. Blount is a very highly respectable man, for many years a Representative in this State Legislature, and a pious member of the Baptist church. He has furnished me with the following facts:—'*Top Gallant* was by old Gallatin (full brother to the dam of Bertrand), his dam by old Wildair, son of Imp. Fearnought, grandam by Black-and-all-Black, g. g. dam by King Herod, g. g. g. dam by Partner, g. g. g. g. dam by old Apollo.'"

Mr. Lamar saith further:—"The dam of Top Gallant was a splendid mare; she was also the dam of a splendid stallion called *Blount's Diomed*. Top Gallant was sold by Mr. Blount to some gentlemen in Tennessee, or that section of the country. He ran, he informs me, at Augusta before he sold him, and he thinks *distanced* the field. The blood of the stock is known *here* to be thorough and fashionable; and no horse in the U. S. has produced stock so popular here as old Gallatin. Top Gallant sold for $1500 when a colt, (a 3 yr. old, I presume,) a large price for the times. Gallatin served but very few thoroughbred mares: there were then but few in Georgia. The old Wildair mare was among the *best*. The two best of his produce (get) was the dam of Wild Will, Charles Kemble, and her full sister, whose produce, some of them I own.—See January No. of Turf Register. I hope this will satisfy your mind. Respectfully yours,

JOHN LAMAR."

I have transcribed this letter entire, hoping you will have the goodness to publish it. On reading this communication to Col. ELLIOTT, who purchased the horse Top Gallant of Judge Blount, his memory was refreshed, and he now recollects that *this* was the pedigree given by Blount to him at the time of purchase. Top Gallant was a black legged bay, full 16 hands high, with a most splendid fore-hand and first rate hind legs.

A word or two, if you please, relative to the *intellectual* "*John Bascom*" (no *b's* to it). I adopt the sentiment, that "what is worth doing, is worth doing well." As there are several friends deeply interested in the *authenticity* of his *whole pedigree*, and believing that it is in *my* power at this time to settle a very doubtful question that has been raised by your correspondents, I will volunteer my aid, and "do for others what I would they should do for me" under similar circumstances. Your correspondent "B." is now convinced that *Bascom* hails from more than sire and dam. But another sage suggestion has found quarters in your paper, that "the *Pacolet* that got *Grey Goose*, the dam of Bascom, might be a *son* of Pacolet, by Imp. Citizen." This is not shooting with the eyes shut, to be sure, but it is very little better—it is shooting without looking through *both* sights of the gun. Grey Goose was by *that Pacolet* which Gen. Jackson & Co. purchased of Wm. R. Johnson, of Va. Col. James Gray Jones, late of the vicinity of Franklin, Williamson Co., Tenn., told me that he bred the Buzzard mare to Pacolet, when he stood at or near Nashville, under the control of John W. Clay, and that *Grey Goose was the produce*. He trained and ran her near Nashville as one of Pacolet's first get; she ran at other places in this State. After Mr. Jones parted with her, a Mr. Reynolds owned her, then a Mr. Henry Robertson, then Maj. Connally got her, I think, and has two brood mares from her, one by Stockholder, a ch. m., and the other the full sister to Bascom. There is another fine mare out of Grey Goose, got by old Conqueror. She is a grey, called Roxanna, and was owned last year by Col. Langford, of Coffeeville, Ala., and bred to Luzborough the second year I *wielded* him; she was sent home with foal by that "princely foreigner." And after Mr. Connally, Col. Crowell owns this celebrated *Goose*, that lays such golden treasure. I saw her on the way to Bertrand's stable, last winter was a year, and I hope she has increased the wealth of her owners by one or two more young Bascoms! And now for the last lingering doubt. I saw in your paper of recent date, that your correspondent "B. C. W." has no difficulty in believing *all* that is published about his pedigree, but is not sure that the *whole* truth is told; he thinks that there is one link in the chain, *perhaps*, left out, that is, the *Columbus* cross; it is an excellent cross, verily, but does not belong to the pedigree of Bascom. I will show you.—I have now before me the 33d No. of the *Franklin Farmer*, published at Frankfort, Ky, on the 21st of April, 1838. In said paper John Harris has given a list of thoroughbreds reared and sold by him, beginning with that invaluable mare

No. 1. Jane Hunt, a dark bay mare, foaled in 1796, got by Wade Hampton's Paragon, &c.

No. 2. Indiana, a b. m., foaled in 1802, sired by Butler's Columbus, dam No. 1.

No. 5. Sally Sneed, a b. m., foaled 18th April, 1807, sired by Imp. Buzzard, dam No. 1.

Mr. Harris saith, "I parted with No. 5 to James Quarles, Esq., of Woodford Co., Ky.; she was afterwards taken to Tennessee, and is the grandam of John Bascom." Mr. Harris bred another mare by Imp. Buzzard, which stands No. 7. *Hannah Harris*, a b. m., foaled 22d April, 1807, sired by Imp. Buzzard, dam No. 2, which is the Columbus mare, which produced Paragon, sired by Blackburn's Whip. And this explains away the difficulty under which your friend "B. C. W." was laboring. I have thus, Sir, endeavored to plant, or rather sustain the pillar reared to the memory of the ancestry of the Grey Goose, and like a pillar of Grecian marble, sure enough, it shines fairest when stript of all ornaments. John Bascom might exclaim—

"I was born so high;
Our eyrie was the cedar's top,
That dallies in the sun
And dangles in the wind." H. M. CRYER.

P.S. And so, friend P., you were not at Nashville to witness your own disappointment, and that of all the world beside: not so much at Sarah Bladen's winning the great match, but that Picton, "the sumptuous colt," as friend "N. of Arkansas" calls him, should have remained in his stable, with his leg bandaged, and ready to complain, like a wounded hero, that can neither fight nor run, though his will be good enough to do either, or both. There is but a shade between the ridiculous and the sublime! It is said not to have created such exstacies as was anticipated; there was nothing of the prelude and waving of banners and manœuvreing of light troops to cheerful airs, such as accompany a national festivity, but to the reverse, when the time came to "call the roll," some did not answer to the call. The two amazonians shewed but little of the martial spirit that imparts the electric spark to whole regiments of cavalry and footmen. And at last when they did "break cover, there was no view halloo" heard, like the intonations of artillery, announcing the battle begun. No, Sir, I am told (for I was not there to see) that so far from there being anything like bursting of boilers, it was with some difficulty that the steam could be raised high enough to get them through the mud and water four times round in 8:50;—think of it, 8:50, and one of them distanced at that! When I heard of it, what an improvement, thought I, is made and is making on the genuine race horse since I was a boy, for you must know that I have not been on the turf as a sportsman for more than 25 years! I thought of the days of the Diomeds and Medleys, when I have seen some of the latter, stript and girded for the conflict, showing off their snow-white coats and silvery drapery, and after a second or third heat, when the bugle sounds again, they come up to the mark, Sir, like generous warriors, clad in steel armor, ready to renew the bloody strife. And there was seldom to be seen that painful and disgusting thing which you call "letting down in the back sinews of the fore legs." No, Sir, the machine was of the best material, and of consummate workmanship! I would be willing to see an old-fashioned race horse, of the Medley stock, crossed on the Diomed or Citizen stock! I suppose there are some of them to be found—I hope the "*last of the Mohicans*" is not dead! I hear but little doing by the produce of Imp. mares in this country. The young horse *Langford* is winning as with a rush of speed, at two mile heats. And I see your account of Col. HAMPTON's *Monarch*, and he is said to promise much; but in these hard times, neither the Bank of England, nor Uncle Nick's United States Bank of Pennsylvania, can stand a *long hard press!* Many of the Western breeders say now they want some high-bred *native* steed or steeds: such young and healthy horses as Shark, *Mingo*, Decatur, and Wagner. Birmingham or Bascom would in a good degree redress our national grievances at this time. They all have friends in Tennessee, and Mingo or Bascom would find comfortable quarters in *my* stable the next season, if I continue to open one, as I expect to do. Will their owners, Gen. IRVINE and Col. CROWELL, favor me with a response forthwith, on seeing this communication! Direct to Gallatin, Tenn. H. M. C.

## JOHN BASCOMBE'S GRAND DAM.

FORKS OF ELKHORN, (Franklin Co., Ky.,) June 1st, 1838.

*To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, Sir,*—In several of the late numbers of your very valuable paper, I have seen strictures on the pedigree of *John Bascombe*, pointing more particularly to the g. dam, and as my name has been referred to as having bred the g. dam, I feel myself called upon to say something on the subject.

My father-in-law, the late DANL. HUNT, of Hunterdon County, New Jersey, owned old Slamerkin, and bred her for a number of years. He bred the Figure mare and the Paragon mare referred to in John Bascombe's pedigree: the latter he gave to me at two years old, and I brought her to Ky. in 1798. In 1801 I bred her to BUTLER's Columbus, and she produced a filly foal. In 1806 I bred the Paragon mare and the Columbus filly to Imported Buzzard, and they produced two filly foals. The filly out of the Paragon mare by Imp. Buzzard I sold at four years old to a neighbor, who took her to Tennessee. The filly out of the Columbus mare I retained and bred until 1826; she is the dam of Paragon, Apollo, Miss Slamerkin (alias Jenny Slamerkin), &c. &c. The former I did not hear of from the time she was taken to Tennessee, until Col. CROWELL's brother called upon me winter before last for her pedigree, as being the g. dam of John Bascombe.

These are the circumstances under which I gave a certificate of the pedigree of the mare, and I indulge the hope they will prove amply satisfactory to the most scrupulous on the subject. I make this communication, Mr. Editor, with the greater pleasure, as it appears to me it must put at rest the only doubt that appears to hang over the pedigree of one that has proved himself so deserving of a noble ancestry.

I have never published an account of my blooded stock of horses until last winter, when I made two communications to the Franklin Farmer (published at Frankfort), for the "Kentucky Stud Book," now in progress. Others have made publications on the subject, and there may be unintentional errors in them.

Yours, &c. JOHN HARRIS.

## SPORTING EPISTLE FROM ARKANSAS.

BATESVILLE, (Ark.) 18th May, 1838.

*Dear P.*—Has not the Spring campaign in Louisiana been a splendid affair—the way Pete will rip and snort when he reads the record of sundry defeats sustained by his namesake, will be amusing; for I saw him a few days since, and he swore *Pete* could beat the world, any way it could be fixed. Old Bob Smith, as usual, run the thing in the ground—for he was never known to have a good horse that he did not run him to death. To start a 2 yr. old so often, in such a short time, shows madness and folly in the extreme; he is doubtless for ever ruined; but old Bob will say it is none of my business; it is my business, for I am a lover of horse-flesh, and dislike to see good-uns abused—besides, I take a lively interest in old Bob.

Well, Wagner and Mad Anthony are jewels. I should go it on Wagner 4 mile heats, lay low and say nothing 3 mile heats, and pile it on Mad Anthony 2 mile heats. Joshua Bell is not to be sneezed at—by the bye, there has never been such time made before. How have the great 44 sweepstakes gone—you know, but we do not—yet *nous verrons*, as old Tom used to say. Sarah Bladen and Picton are the absorbing topic in the sporting world. She will beat him in my opinion; I once thought otherwise, but have some *item*, that has changed my opinion. We expect good racing this Fall. Capt. Tunstall has some fine going things. C. F. M. Noland & Thos. T. Tunstall's b. m. Emetine by Rob Roy, dam by Miner's Escape (called Horn's in England) has dropped a s. f. foal by Volcano, which has been named Lobelia—it is as fine as silk.

To cure the scratches:

Tartar emetic and hogs lard—1 of the former and 2 of the latter—never fails.

Yours in haste, N.

## RIFLE SHOOTING IN THE SOUTH.

SAVANNAH, (Ga.) June 4, 1838.

*Wm. T. Porter, Esq., Dear Sir*—Feeling assured that any sporting news will be acceptable to you, I send the result of Rifle shooting done by a gentleman of this city a few days ago—I will say also, a member of our Rifle Club. The Target was 23 inches high, and 19 inches broad—the bull's eye 4 inches in diameter, distance 120 yards *measured*, 12 shots "off hand;" fired in succession four balls in the bull's eye, the 12 shots measuring, by string measure, 37 inches and 4-10.

Yours, &c. No. 9.

# English Sporting Intelligence.

## LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

[From Bell's Life, May 13.]—A reference to our quotations at the close of the Newmarket First Spring Meeting will show that the immediate effect of the Grey's match was prejudicial to him in the Derby betting; at the best, it amounted to no more than a single-handed defeat of an opponent which he had previously beaten to his heart's content. The betting on Monday was more favorable to him; 400 to 110 was taken two or three times, and although offered subsequently, he can scarcely be said to have declined at the close of the day, several parties having expressed their willingness to take 4 to 1. Phœnix, by the force of money, retained a position to which his claims are very doubtful. Cobham, whose advance we noticed in our last, continued in his upward movement; 9 to 1 was taken two or three times, but as the room filled, the layers so far out-numbered the backers, that we have no doubt another point might have been obtained from good men. The quotable price against Nonplus was 13 to 1—his actual one we could not ascertain, nor is it likely that he will recover his footing till the Cobham movement shall be completed. Young Rowton was backed for £200 at 11 to 1, but was evidently on the totter. A solitary bet of 14 to 1 was taken about Ion, whose partisans are few and lukewarm. The principal feature in the afternoon's business was a definite movement in favor of D'Egville—the "lame dancing-master," as we have heard him described: a bet of 20 to 1, in fifties, brought out some of his old friends, and, as those odds were no longer procurable, several engagements were made at 18 to 1. Beggarman was backed, but not freely, at 20 to 1. If there had not been something in the race which did not meet the eye, these odds ought to be reduced one half; for, assuredly, a horse that could run Bœtian to a head must be, at the least, as deserving of support as Phœnix or Ion. The Early Bird and Conservator's parties were not *quite* so sanguine as of old; nor did Bullion, although nominally at 20 to 1, find any one to back him outright.

The Oaks.—Vespertilio and Barcarole occupied the stations to which their running entitles them. They are very closely followed, however, by the country mares, Ninny and Brown Duchess, whose parties seem inclined to try their strength with the Newmarket division. Their pretensions are not particularly strong, and we think that they will find it no easy task to displace the present favorites. Callisto, strange to say, was firm at 10 to 1. Mr. Forth made several vain attempts to back The Soldier's Consort. We did not hear any odds offered against her.

On the whole, Monday's business was exceedingly flat, but it was much worse on Thursday. The Derby quotations, nevertheless, will show some changes. Grey Momus was at 7 to 2, or takers of a fraction beyond. Phœnix declined to a certain extent, and was only saved from a further retrogression by offers to take 7 to 1 in good quarters. Cobham as before. We understand that 5000 to 500 was taken about him at the West End a few days ago, and that at the same time he was backed for 1500 to win the Derby against Callisto for the Oaks. Both bets, we believe, were made to hedge larger ones concluded in the winter. Young Rowton dropt to 13 to 1, nor was the triumph of the "bears" confined to him: Nonplus retrograded a couple of points, and The Early Bird ten. Nothing was said or done about D'Egville or Bullion which could justify a quotation. Ion and Beggarman precisely as on Monday. Another horse in Scott's stable—viz., Lord Westminster's Albemarle, took rather a prominent station in the betting. Several offers were made in one quarter to take 40 to 1, but no bet made; we have guessed his price at 30 to 1. His reign, probably, will be as ephemeral as Bretby's, and many others which have been made favorites for a week, and then forgotten. It was reported that Amato had been amiss, but we could not trace it to any authentic source.

The Oaks.—The favorites were nearly at the same figures as on Monday; very little business was done, and the only novelty was an offer to take 20 to 1 about Lord Chesterfield's Industry (Arachne filly.)

The following is a table of the week's betting:—

| MONDAY. | | | THE DERBY. | THURSDAY. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 400 to 110 | agst. | — | Grey Momus, by Comus, dam by Cervantes | 7 to 2 agst. — |
| 11 to 2 | — | — | Phœnix, by Buzzard, out of Cobweb | 13 to 2 — — |
| 9 to 1 | — | — | Cobham, by The Colonel, out of Frederica | 9 to 1 — — |
| 11 to 1 | — | (t) | Young Rowton, by Rowton, out of Emiliana | 13 to 1 — (t) |
| 14 to 1 | — | (t) | Ion, by Cain, out of Margaret | 14 to 1 — (t) |
| 13 to 1 | — | — | Colt by Velocipede, out of Nonplus's dam | 16 to 1 — (t) |
| 18 to 1 | — | (t) | D'Egville, by The Colonel, out of Varennes | |
| 20 to 1 | — | — | Beggarman, by Zinganee, out of Adeline | 20 to 1 — — |
| 20 to 1 | — | — | Bullion, by Emilius, out of Goldwire | |
| 30 to 1 | — | — | Conservator, by The Colonel, out of Margravine | |
| 20 to 1 | — | — | The Early Bird, by Bedlamite, dam by Catton | 30 to 1 — (t) |
| | | | Albemarle, by Young Phantom—Hornsea's dam | 30 to 1 — — |
| 50 to 1 | — | (t) | Drum-Major, by The Colonel, out of Sister to Cactus | |
| 50 to 1 | — | — | Chymist, by Zinganee, out of Oxygen | |
| 2000 to 1000 | on | — | Conservator agst. Amato | |
| 2200 to 1600 | on | — | Grey Momus agst. Cobham and Young Rowton | |
| 500 even | | | Conservator agst. Alemdar | |
| | | | Phœnix agst. Young Rowton | 1000 to 400 on Ph. |
| | | | Conservator agst. Drum-Major | 300 even. |

| THE OAKS. | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 7 to 1 | agst. | (t) | Vespertilio, by Reveller, out of Acacia | 6 to 1 agst. — |
| 7 to 1 | — | (t) | Barcarolle, by Emilius, out of Bravura | 6 to 1 — — |
| 8 to 1 | — | (t) | Ninny, sister to Noodle, by Bedlamite | 8 to 1 — (t) |
| 10 to 1 | — | (t) | Br. Duchess, by Camel, out of Archduchess | 9 to 1 — (t) |
| 10 to 1 | — | — | Callisto, by Camel, out of Ursula | 10 to 1 — (t) |

Movements at Newmarket.—Friday Night—Phœnix sweated this morning "very gently," the Cetus gelding leading part of the way, when he contrived to throw his rider, and bolted. Phœnix went well, and will start for Epsom as soon as his van is made a little higher in the roof, which will be on Monday or Tuesday. Mr. Houldsworth's Virginia and Flush fillies left on Monday for Sherwood, with Beresford's brother to superintend. Chymist and Olio sweated on Thursday. The filly went well. The following left here on Saturday last for Epsom, and would arrive at their destination by Wednesday:—Barcarole, Drum Major, Bullcalf, Gil Blas, and Royal James, 2 yrs. Bamboo has not been seen out since he ran his chance out for the Derby. Young Rowton looks and goes well, and Old Sam thinks he shall do the trick. Lord Tavistock purchased Oak-leaf of Mr. Messer at the Royston races, and she has arrived at Mr. W. Edwards' stables; she is a fine mare, and will in all probability be put to the stud. The R. M. Plate is likely to be a sporting race; Saintfoin, Paganini, and Lord Orford's colt are expected to be entered.

Grey Momus.—The van which brought this Derby favorite from Newmarket was very nearly overturned near town yesterday week: the leaders fell, the wheelers went almost over them, and the "fielders" had a much better chance than they are likely to have at Epsom on the 30th inst.; by great good fortune, however, the postilions retained sufficient command of their horses to prevent the overturn of the caravan, and an accident which threatened serious consequences "came off" in favour of "the public."

The Duke of Grafton has resigned John Day to Lord George Bentinck for the Derby.

Lord Chesterfield has sold Scroggins, brother to St. Giles, by Tramp, to go to France, for 1,200 guineas.

Mr. Tyas's br. m. Flora, sister to Elastic, by Waverley, dam by Thunderbolt, dropped a fine colt foal to Young Whisker, at Fenwick, Yorkshire, last week, and is again stinted to him.

Mr. Burton's Moggy, by Sultan, out of Active, has produced a filly foal to Young Whisker.

Within the last few days, the following mares have produced foals at Doncaster:—Duke of Leed's Reveller mare, a colt to Voltaire; Manta, a colt to Langar; mare by Blacklock, out of Marchesa, a filly to Langar; and Skilful, a filly to Velocipede.

The announcement of the new evening betting rooms, at the Grand Hotel, Covent-garden, has given great pleasure to the Sporting World. The rooms will be opened to-morrow week.

Phosphorus.—In our statement of the sale of this horse in last week's paper, the price was incorrectly given; he was bought in at the hammer for 910 gs., and afterwards sold to the Duke of Brunswick by private contract for 1000 gs.

Mr. Marshal's (of Wrelton) bay mare by Brutandorf, dam by Macbeth, has produced a bay colt foal to Bob Logic or Marcian.

Mr. Thompson's mare by Brutandorf, dam by Remembrancer, out of Loom, by Shuttle, dropped a colt to Sheet Anchor on Tuesday week, and will be put to the same horse. Mr. Thompson only put five mares to Sheet Anchor, and all of them have produced colt foals.

The following brood mares, which were purchased some time ago by Mr. Cortis, veterinary surgeon, of York, have left for Russia, under the care of Mr. T. Wardman, late of Skelton, viz.:—Miss Lora, by Lottery, out of Britannia, covered by Muley Moloch; Laurel Leaf, by Brutandorf, out of Theophania, covered by Muley Moloch; Effie, by Catton, out of Fanina, by Sir Solomon, covered by Muley Moloch; Chesnut mare by Malek, out of Princess Jemima, covered by Muley Moloch; Vision, by Vanish, out of Ultima, by Bourbon, covered by St. Nicholas; Chesnut mare by Langar, out of Fairy, by Woful, covered by Sheet Anchor; Bay mare by Humphrey Clinker, out of Wandering Boy's dam, covered by Sheet Anchor; Lady Betty, by Figaro, out of Cottage Girl, covered by Worlaby Baylock; Bay mare by Humphrey Clinker, out of Laura, covered by Worlaby Baylock.

York paper.

An extraordinary feat was performed at Ockbrook, Derbyshire, on Saturday week, by a young man of the name of William Knowles, who stands six feet in height, and weighs sixteen stone. A wager was laid of 10 sovs that he would take fifty stones, and place each stone one yard from the other, and that he would pick up each stone, and return with the same and place them in a basket that should stand at the end of the row, in the short time of nine minutes, which he performed in eight minutes and fifty-six seconds, winning by four seconds.

Newmarket, Friday evening.—[From another Correspondent.]—The time has now arrived when the movements of the favorites for the Derby become peculiarly interesting, one "false step" at this particular crisis may be of the greatest consequences. The Exercise Ground at Newmarket has become all at once exceedingly hard, nevertheless, the horses are as yet going and looking uncommonly well. Phœnix sweated this morning, he looks beautifully, and, in spite of all that can be alleged against his not having done work "*enough*," will be too dangerous for a prudent man to stand heavy against. He is one of the most splendid animals stript that ever was seen, and those who have backed him will have greater reason to be satisfied with the course that has been pursued with him than if he had been galloped to death. More horses are spoiled by too much work than are improved by it, and the treatment which will produce the highest physical power in one horse may destroy it in another. The horse that comes freshest to the post will certainly have a better chance than a stale one. Severe training may enable such a horse as can stand it to get through one race, and be the very means of destroying his chance for the next. The animal's constitution cannot stand such continual excitement.

Ion, Young Rowton, and Beggarman are looking well; the latter was in the same place for the same stake this year, as Phosphorus was last year.

Walking Match against Time.—A match of this description was hastily got up at Tickhill yesterday week, in which a farmer's servant named Foster was backed to walk, fair toe and heel, six miles within the hour, on Doncaster race course, for £5, on Monday last. A number of persons from that neighborhood accompanied the pedestrian to Doncaster early in the morning, and before twelve o'clock he was stripped and ready to commence his task, starting from the same spot where Drinkwater and Farnsworth started on the preceding Tuesday. He did the first two miles in 18 minutes, the following two in 19 minutes, and the last two in the same time, making a total of 56 minutes, consequently winning the match with four minutes to spare. After he had done four miles he pulled off his trowsers, and putting on his shirt, did the remaining two with nothing upon him but his stockings and shirt. When this little delay is considered, in addition to getting under the chains, 21 in number, the performance is not to be grinned at. Betting was in favor of time, as it was thought he would break down for want of training.

TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.

*Sir*—Having observed in your paper of the 29th ult., Mr. John Palmer's, of Northampton, offer to accommodate the American horse, *Confidence*, as per terms mentioned, I beg liberty to say, should it not be accepted, it will suit a Glasgow mare, provided a proper arrangement can be made as to the place for meeting.

I am, Sir, &c. A Glasgow Correspondent.

Glasgow, May 8th, 1838.

Great Trotting Match.—Several months ago, Mr. Thomas Kirby, of York, betted Capt. Taylor 100 sovereigns that, in the month of May, he would produce a horse to trot 17 miles in the hour. Since that period speculation has been on the tip toe, and on Saturday week the match came off in Leeming Lane, the start and finish being at Kirby Hill, about a mile from Boroughbridge, it having been arranged that the mare should go 8½ miles out, in the direction of Cattrick, and return. Twelve o'clock was the time named, and previous to that hour a number of sporting coves were seen en route to head-quarters, but the attendance was comparatively thin, in consequence of the time and place not having become generally known. Mr. Kirby appeared on the ground confident of success, indeed he might well be so; and the gallant Captain, it is said, would gladly have paid forfeit. The nag produced to do the thing was the celebrated Birmingham mare, which trotted 17 miles in the hour, with 4 min. 45 sec to spare, at Burton, in Staffordshire, about five years ago, and in such high reputation has been her trotting abilities, that her owners had challenged to trot her against any thing in the world. Her groom, Brearton, a youth verging on sixty, rode her this day, and with the trappings, he brought 9st. 6lb. down in the scale. Three stop watches were used, to tell the time. Having been set at twelve o'clock, upon the mare starting the stops were removed, and the watches were placed in a box and carefully locked up. The mare bounded away at a splendid speed, and was quickly out of sight: in going out she broke once, and had consequently to be brought round. When she had accomplished the first 8½ miles, her jockey pulled up and immediately dismounted, when her mouth was rinced out with water. This delay occupied about two minutes, after which she again started on her return to Kirby Hill, evidently refreshed by the short respite from her extraordinary efforts. At Kirby Hill the parties principally interested were waiting, but the mare did not appear in sight so soon as her friend anticipated on her return, and the greatest anxiety prevailed as to whether or not she would complete the task; at last she was seen about a mile off, coming along at the rate of about fourteen miles an hour, and evidently very much distressed. Her rider managed her in a beautiful manner, and she completed the task with one minute and ten seconds to spare. It was evident that she was nearly run to a stand-still, and in the last half mile rolled very much. Upon being pulled up she was immediately taken by the head and turned sharply round, to prevent her from falling. Proper attention was then paid to her, and in a short time she recovered considerably from her exhausted state. We understand that much depended on the admirable skill of her rider, it being a general opinion that if he had not ridden her in a most masterly style, she could not have won her match. She is a chesnut mare, about 14 years of age, and stands about 15 hands 2 inches high. She is always ridden in a plain snaffle bridle, and Brearton, her groom, has complete control over her by his voice. We heard one bet made, in which a gentleman from the neighbourhood of Northampton bet £50 to £15 against the mare.

## THE TURF IN FRANCE.

Great preparations are making by the Jockey Club and the sporting authorities, to have the approaching races, throughout the country, on a grand scale this year, so as to induce the attendance of many English and foreign noblemen, to enter their horses to contest the prizes with those bred in France.

For the last few years, not only has the government, but the leading nobility who figure on the Jockey Club list, devoted their particular attention to the breeding and improving of the race of horses, by the introduction of some of the most favorite stallions and brood mares from England, and also from Arabia, to cross with those of this country. Their endeavors, although at a very great expense, have proved highly successful, and there are horses now in the royal stud and private "haras," which may be able to compete, in another season or two, with the most noted racers for the Derby Stakes. So rapidly has the spirit of racing increased within the last few years, that ere one or two more seasons, we shall have our Newmarket, Doncaster, Epsom, Ascot, &c., quite "a la Anglaise."

Among the most celebrated studs is that of the fortunate and enterprising Lord Seymour. His *haras* contains between fifty and sixty real "good uns;" some of them were out-and-outers at last year's races, carrying all the prizes before them, although they had some of the best-bred horses to contend with. The superiority in his *coursiers* has, as a matter of course, created very great jealousy among the Jockey Club, and the most influential and leading breeders, who are envious of his renown, and their repeated defeat. Very considerable sums have lately been offered him for his stud, but in vain; and his horses are now in fine training for the ensuing campaign.

Next to that of Lord Seymour comes the Royal Haras, which possesses many of the favorite horses purchased from the Royal Stud of his late Majesty, William IV., at Hampton Wick, and some elegant Arabians, of which there are several now in foal. The splendid present lately sent over by Abdel Kader, the Arab chief, to Louis Philippe and their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, from Africa, has excited the admiration of every body. They are certainly the finest specimens of the symmetry and beauty of the real Arabian and Turkish breed that were ever imported into Europe, and must be considered a grand acquisition to the royal stud. They are quite docile with their Moorish attendants, who treat them with all the attention of children, which is one of the most characteristic qualities between the Arab and his steed, which is as dear to him as his life. A lesson might be taken from these uncivilized marauders of the desert, by some of our European jockies, in the care and kind treatment of their cattle, that would not only be profitable to themselves, but also to their masters.

The following is a list of the races that are to come off this year, viz:—Paris, Versailles, Chantilly, Bourg, Moulins, Auriliac, Strasbourg, Limoges, Metz, Agen, Nancy, Bordeaux, Bayonne, St. Omer, Boulogne-sur-Mer, and Dieppe. The days on which they are to be run has not yet been officially announced by the Club and the different municipal authorities. They will, however, commence in July, August, and September next.

Champ de Mars Spring Races.—These races were, on Saturday, favored by very fine weather. The Princes and Princesses were on the ground with their suites, and the company was more numerous than on any previous day.

The first race was for the prize of 2,000 francs, given by the Minister of Commerce, with a subscription of 100 francs. Six horses were entered, but only three came to the post, viz:—The Duke of Orleans' f. Viola, Lord Henry Seymour's Royal George, and the Prince de Moskowa's Zerlina; Marionette, Frank, and Esmeralda, having been withdrawn. Viola made all the running to the distance post, with Royal George lying close to her all the way, and at the last making a bold push and winning the stakes. Zerlina had no chance, and was drawn from the second heat, which was also won much in the same style by Royal George. The first heat was run in 2 minutes 30 seconds, and the second in 2 minutes 29 seconds.

The next, or Spring Prize, for 2500 francs, was run away with by Lord Henry Seymour's ch. c. Alladin, beating the Prince Royal's b. c. Jeroboam, Lord Seymour's b. c. Vendredi, and Mr. A. Lupin's b. c. Memnon. M. Lasalle's Insulaire was entered, but did not run.

Miss Annette walked over for the 1500 francs. Volante and Lelia had been entered, but were withdrawn.

The day's sport closed with a match for 500 francs a-side, between Count Charles de Greffulhe's *St. Malo Yaroslawetz*, and Count Walewski's *Webb*, which was won easily by the former. 4 to 1 had been bet over and over again in favor of Malo, who is entered for the races at Chantilly.

The best contested race of the day was between Alladin and the Cadland colt, the first of that family, we believe, that has yet shown in public. They went off at the top of their speed, keeping almost neck and neck to the end, when the Buzzard colt won by a head, the rest well up.

Letter from Paris, dated 8th May, in London Sunday Times.

## NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

The negative character of the racing in the Craven week, taken with reference to the Derby, served to impart additional interest to its successor, the First Spring Meeting, reported trials, and the outlay of immense sums between Bamboo and Grey Momus, having naturally excited expectations that the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes would give one, perhaps both, a knock-down blow for the great event to come off at Epsom. Ten days ago it was supposed that the field would be small, but as the day approached, it proved to have been underrated, not less than six or seven horses being named as likely to show, thus diminishing in some degree the chances of the two cracks. Before quitting this subject, it will not be amiss to "post up" our books by stating, that in the interval between the Thursday at Tattersall's and the commencement of the meeting, Bamboo was backed at the West-end with unabated spirit; 1000 to 500 was taken in one bet, besides others, twelve or fourteen hundred pounds being laid out upon him in the course of the Craven week in one quarter; 11 to 1 was laid against Young Rowton for the Derby, 9 to 1 agst. Grey Momus, both in hundreds, and several offers made to take 8 to 1 about Phœnix. Nothing else transpired between Thursday and Sunday, except that Grey Momus had arrived at Newmarket on Friday, and had done a vast deal of work.

On our arrival at Newmarket on Sunday morning, we found no change in the weather; we had frost, snow, hail, rain, and a bitter northerly wind—everything, in short, that was unwished for and unseasonable. Nevertheless, a full meeting was looked for; but as the majority of the expected visitors were bottling themselves up for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, we saw little company in the town; the ring, partly from this circumstance and partly from the severity of the weather, was small, and business at a stand still; nothing was talked of but the various trials which had taken place on Friday and Saturday, the amazing deal of work done by the Stockbridge nag, and the want of it in the instance of Phœnix, who, it was said, had not galloped since the Riddlesworth. We mention these things *en passant*, without in any way holding ourselves responsible for their accuracy.

In the course of the night there was a fall of snow, and this being succeeded by a steady rain of some hours' duration, Monday came in under more favourable auspices than we had ventured to anticipate; the wind having shifted to the south, the air became milder, and the rain clearing off about noon, a most excellent day's sport passed off without a drawback.

Up to this period the fashionables had poured in from all quarters, enabling us before quitting the Heath to select the following distinguished names—Dukes of Portland, Rutland, and Beaufort; Lords Exeter, Jersey, Uxbridge, Stradbroke, Lichfield, Chesterfield, C. Manners, G. Bentinck, Suffield, Adolphus Fitzclarence, J. Fitzroy, Godolphin, S. Osborne, W. Paulett, Billiers, &c.; Ladies Lichfield, A. Peel, and Graham; Honorables W. Fitzroy, G. Anson (and Lady), G. Byng, T. Rous, General Grosvenor, F. Berkeley, and J. Wortley; Sirs John Shelly, S. Graham, and W. Ponsonby; Colonel Peel; Messrs. C. Wilson, C. Greville, Sowerby, Irby, Worral, Neville, Gardnor, Glegg, Crommelin, Watt, Heywood, Hunter, Dolphin, S. Stanley, Errington, Sheridan, Hawker, Thornhill, Portman, Batson, Newton, D. Radcliffe, Etwall, Roberts, Townley, M. Campbell, Wright, Normandie, Payne, Waddington, &c.

*Fifty Pounds*, for 4 year olds, 7st. 2lb.—5, 8st. 3lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 9lb. Last three miles of B.C.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr. Sowerby's *Scamander*, 4 yrs. | S. Mann | 1 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's Combat, 4 yrs. | Rogers | 2 |
| Mr. Hennesey's Bravo, 5 yrs. | G Edwards | 3 |
| Col Peel's Jacob Faithful, 5 yrs. | Pavis | 4 |

Betting: 5 to 4 on Jacob Faithful, and no other backed—Bravo set off with the running, and kept in front at as good a pace as he could make it till about two hundred yards beyond the turn of the lands, where Combat took the lead from him, and, with the other three in good places, maintained it to the Duke's Stand; here Jacob Faithful attempted to reach him, but it was "no go;" Scamander, more fortunate, passed him a few strides farther on, made the rest of the running, and won cleverly by a length.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for 3 year olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. T.Y.C. The winner to be sold for 280 sovs. &c. Five subs.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr. Bond's f. by Partisan, out of Coquette | Cohelly | 1 |
| Col. Peel's f. by Defence, out of Mary Anne | Pavis | 2 |
| Lord Chesterfield's Davie Gellatley | Nat | 3 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Brother to Circassian | Rogers | 4 |
| Lord Lichfield's H. B. | J. Day | 5 |

The only horses backed were Davie Gellatley and the Coquette filly, the former freely at 2 to 1, the filly at 4 to 1 by the owner, and at half those odds by others; her actual price, therefore, we cannot take upon ourselves to state. The Defence filly cut out the work at a fair, but not first rate, pace, the favorite and the Coquette lying up with her to the ropes, where Davie Go-*latterly*, as some folks call him, failed in an attempt to get up; the Coquette filly challenged the Colonel's mare at the same moment, beat her without difficulty, and won by a length. Brother to Circassian was a bad fourth, and H.B. made a caricature of racing.

*Handicap Sweepstakes* of 10 sovs. each, for 3 year olds and upwards. T.Y.C. Thirteen subs.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Duke of Richmond's *Bracelet*, by Sultan, out of Goldpin, 3 yrs. 6st 3lb. | W. Day | 1 |
| Duke of Portland's Skim-milk, aged, 8st. 2lb. | Nat | 2 |
| Col. Peel's St. Vitus, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb. | Pavis | 3 |

The following were not placed:—Lord Suffield's Arsenic, 5 yrs., 9st. (G. Edwards); Mr. Tilbrook's La Meprisee, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb. (Wakefield); Mr. Houldsworth's c. by Sultan, out of Torelli, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb. (Doe); Duke of Rutland's f. by Hawker, dam by Pan, out of Vale Royal (carried 6st. 12lb.), 3 yrs., 6st. 10lbs. (W. Boyce); Mr. Pettit's Anne Boleyn, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb. (Pettit); Mr. Bircham's f. by Polygar, dam by Skim, out of Pentagon, 4 yrs., 6st. 10lb. (Crouch); and Mr. Osbaldeston's f. by Brutandorf, out of Streamlet, 3 yrs., 6st. (Cotton.)—The number of horses backed for this race, and the extraordinary closeness with which it was contested, prove that very great judgement was exercised in the handicapping. The betting was animated at 7 to 2 (began at 5 to 1) agst. Bracelet (taken freely), 4 to 1 agst. St. Vitus (began at 6 to 1,) 6 to 1 agst. Skim-milk, 6 to 1 agst. La Meprisee, 7 to 1 agst. Hawker filly, and 8 to 1 agst. Arsenic—all backed, 10 to 1 offered agst. Streamlet, but nothing done.—After several false starts, Skim-milk jumped off with the lead, closely seconded by La Meprisee, with the rest in capital places; there was no variation till they reached the cords, where Streamlet fell astern, Anne Boleyn being the next to give way. Bracelet now joined the front rank, and almost at the same moment Arsenic, La Meprisee, and St. Vitus, made a push for the front; the run in was one of the most beautiful things imaginable, and the finish so fine, that there could not have been more than a length between the first and fifth: Bracelet won by a head, and Skim-milk had the same advantage over St. Vitus; Arsenic and La Meprisee were close together, and not more than a neck behind St. Vitus, but which was fourth we could not ascertain; Hawker filly and Bircham's were next, then Torelli, next to him Anne Boleyn, and lastly, Streamlet, the last three cutting up badly. With the exception of the Hawker filly, which had very few friends, all the favorites were in front, the principal one being the winner. The pace was excellent.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for foals of 1835; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.; those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb. R.M. Eight subs.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Duke of Grafton's ch. c. *Chymist*, by Zinganee, out of Oxygen, 8st. 4lb. | J. Day | 1 |
| Mr. Boxes' ch. c. Jagger, by Actæon, out of Mundig's dam, 8st. 7lb. | Scott | 2 |
| Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. Caligula, by Augustus, out of Cinderella, 8st. 7lb. | Robinson | 3 |
| Lord Exeter's Brother to Cactus, 8st. 7lb. | Darling | 4 |

The betting began at 5 to 4 on Chymist, shifted to the same odds on Caligula, and closed at 6 to 5 agst. him, 6 to 4 agst. Chymist, and 5 to 1 agst. Jagger (taken).—The latter made the running, followed closely by brother to Cactus to the bushes, where Caligula cried "enough." Brother to Cactus did not live much farther, and in dropping the hill into the bottom, Chymist made Jagger's chance look very seedy; he went to his side, and ran there into the ropes, pulling double, Scott being at work; indeed, every body expected to see the latter beaten in a canter, but Chymist showed temper just at the finish, and only won by a head. We strongly suspect, that had the course been twenty yards longer, the contest between "rouge et noir" would have ended in favour of the "gentleman in black." Brother to Cactus and Caligula were beaten off. Before starting, Mr. Sowerby's colt was backed for the Derby at 10 to 1.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 4 year olds. A.F. Three subs.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Lord Suffield's *Cowboy*, 7st. 9lb. | Pavis | 1 |
| Duke of Richmond's Skilleygolee, 7st. | W. Day | 2 |
| Mr. Wilson's Quicksilver, 7st 9lb. | Rogers | 3 |

Betting: 2 to 1 on Cowboy.—Quicksilver and Shilleygolee laid together, the former keeping about a neck in front to the bushes, where Cowboy, who had been waiting on them, took up the running, kept Skilleygolee at his haunches, and won cleverly by half a length; the other was some lengths behind.

Match. 300. 200 ft. T.M.M.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Lord Suffield's *Caravan*, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb. | Pavis | 1 |
| Lord Lichfield's The Carpenter, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb. | W. Day | 2 |

The odds at one time were 6 to 4 on The Carpenter, but at the close only 11 to 10. The Carpenter took the lead and kept it at a steady pace to the T.Y.C. post, where Caravan went up, ran with him into the ropes, left him like a shot, and won cleverly by a length. After the Port running, it was thought, and with some show of reason, that the distance was too long for Caravan; it happened

fortunately for him that this was not a strong-run race; so that his speed gave him a decided advantage at the finish.

Match, 200, h. ft. D.M.
Lord Chesterfield's *Scroggins* 5 yrs. 8st. 8lb..... Scott.... 1
Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabal, 4 yrs 7st 7lb..... Conelly . 2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Scroggins.—Mendizabal did the amiable till near the cords, where Scroggins challenged, but being a lazy horse, required a good deal of shaking to keep him in position; the young one, however, gave up a few strides from the crax, and Scott landed his horse a clever winner by a length.

Match, 100, h. ft. D.M.—Duke of Portland's c. *Bœotian*, by Taurus, out of Thebes, received from Lord Tavistock's c. by Taurus, out of Mysie, 8st. 7lb. each.

In the evening the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes was again brought under notice. Caravan and Cowboy had shown in such strong colors, that Bamboo must of necessity be the winner on Tuesday—at least, so said the betting, for 65 to 40 was taken in the first instance, and only 6 to 4 offered subsequently. The Grey's friends were shy; it was in vain that 5 to 2 was offered them—"we'll see how he sleeps to-night." Two or three parties nibbled at 9 to 2 agst. Saintfoin, but we did not hear a bet made agst. Alemdar. The Derby betting was so flat as to leave us nothing else to do than quote the odds agst. the few horses mentioned:—

7 to 1 agst. Phœnix (take 8 to 1). | 12 to 1 agst. Nonplus (taken).
8 to 1 —— Young Rowton. | 15 to 1 —— Ion.
30 to 1 —— Bamboo. | 17 to 1 —— Alemdar.
30 to 1 —— Grey Momus
600 to 500 on Scott's lot agst. Phœnix and Young Rowton (taken).
250 to 200 on Ion agst. Alemdar.

THE OAKS.

7 to 1 agst. Vespertilio. | 7 to 1 agst. Glanara. | 10 to 1 agst. Callisto.
Nominal prices.

## TUESDAY, May 1.

The winter may be said to have taken its departure "by water," for although the air this morning was as mild as it ought to be "in the pleasant month of May, the rain, which had never ceased during the night, continued without intermission until within a quarter of an hour of the first race; it then cleared up, and excepting a smart shower about three o'clock, kept dry for the remainder of the afternoon. Neither rain nor mud, however, seemed to have any effect on the attendance, for visitors thronged in from all quarters in droves, gladdening the innkeepers to make a very profitable day's work of it. The proportion of horsemen was so great, that all the shifts to which ostlers are driven on such occasions failed in providing accommodations; every stall was doubly manned, and every cow, coach, and cart-house, crammed almost to suffocation. The inconvenience here was confined to the poor horses, but on the Heath they had all the best of it: galloping about in all directions, under the reckless hands of inexperienced riders, the poor devils on foot could not move without risking their bones; fortunately, although there was enough of fear, as well as of danger, no mischief was done.—The two matches having gone off, one in a forfeit and the other by consent, the sport was limited to three races, one of which engrossed the attention of all present. The following are particulars:—

Her *Majesty's Plate* of 100 gs., for mares; 4 year olds 8st. 4lb.—5, 9st. 4lb.—6, 9st. 10lb.—aged, 11st. R.C.
Lord Exeter's *Velure*, 4 yrs..... Conelly..... 1
Mr. Tilbrook's La Meprisee, 4 yrs..... C. Edwards.. 2
Lord Suffield's Arsenic, 5 yrs..... G. Edwards.. 3
Mr. Clark's Battersea Lass, by Phantom, 5 yrs..... Boast..... 4

To call this a race would be to prostitute the term, for any thing so unlike one we never witnessed. The odds at starting were 5 to 2 on Velure, and 3 to 1 agst. Arsenic.—La Meprisee set off in front, and, by sufferance on the part of Velure, kept there to the hill at the commencement of the straight running; here Velure, who had been lying in her wake, dispossessed her of the lead without the slightest resistance, increased the interval between them every stride, and cantered in first by twenty lengths, nearly as much dividing the second and third. Battersea Lass, we should imagine, must have been trained either on Battersea bridge or Battersea common, for she was three parts of a mile astern when Velure passed the winning-post! yet *before* the race, her jockey *boast-ed* that she was sure to win!!

The *Two Thousand Guineas Stakes*, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 year olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. R.M. Twenty-nine subs.
Lord G. Bentinck's gr. c. *Grey Momus*, by Comus, dam by Cervantes..... J. Day... 1
Mr. Thornhill's c. Saintfoin, by St. Patrick, out of Manglewurzel..... Conelly . 2
Lord Suffield's Bamboo, by Cain, dam by Picton..... Pavis..... 3

The following were not placed:—Lord Exeter's ch. c. Alemdar, by Sultan, out of Marinella (Darling); Duke of Beaufort's Inuendo, by The Colonel, out of Scandal (Robinson); and Mr. Bond's c. by Reveller, out of Scurry (Rogers).—To bring up the betting from the close on Monday evening, it is necessary to state what was done in the town this morning. The ring was formed rather earlier than usual, and business was the order of the day. Bamboo at first stood at 5 to 4, but on 7 to 2 being taken about Saintfoin, he dropped to 6 to 4, the field being the favorite. Grey Momus's friends appeared to have supposed that he had passed a bad night, for no one that we could perceive would take the fours to one which were offered against him in several quarters. Inuendo and Alemdar were severally at 8 to 1, with scarcely any one to back them; Lord Exeter's colt is said to have been short of work, which accounts for his not finding favour with the public. On the Heath there was a good deal of noise and confusion in the ring, but we could collect that plenty of business was done at 6 to 4 agst. Bamboo and 5 to 2 agst. Saintfoin; 4 to 1 was the current offer agst. Grey Momus, and it was closed with several times for small sums; 8 to 1 was Alemdar's nominal price, and 100 to 7 was laid agst. Inuendo. After the ring had broken up, and the horses had gone to the post, an unexpected change took place; 7 to 4 was taken about Saintfoin, and the same odds offered agst. Bamboo; 1,100 was betted agst. him for the Derby.—Grey Momus went away with a lead of about one length at his best pace, Saintfoin lying next, with the Scurry colt and Alemdar laid up with him, Bamboo and Inuendo waiting on the lot. Preserving the "even tenor of his way" (for his pace never varied for a moment), the Grey kept his entire length in front without any change in the positions of those waiting on him till they reached the T.Y.C. winning post, where the Scurry colt cut it. Some insist that Grey Momus had won all the way, but, from what we can make out, he had never made his horses safe till they were in the bottom, where a general charge was made; for an instant Saintfoin and Bamboo were at his girths, but it was only for an instant—they were fairly tired out, and the "gallant Grey" ran in an easy winner by a length. The race for second was won by a head only, and Alemdar was well up with Bamboo; Inuendo was not beaten off above a length or two from the first hour. Besides the Stakes, which netted £1,650, the noble owner of Grey Momus won a very heavy sum in bets. It will be seen, from what we have stated above, that Grey Momus had the credit of having done an amazing deal of work since his arrival on Friday—twice as much, it was asserted, as any other horse in the race; yet he won. Now, what will be said about Phœnix, who, as the general report goes, "has not had a gallop since the Riddlesworth!" If "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," the backers of Lord Jersey's horse must be rather "down upon their luck."

Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, 100 ft., for 4 year olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. B.C. Ten subs.
Mr. Greville's *Mango*, by Emilius..... J. Day... 1
Lord Exeter's Adrian, brother to Augustus..... Darling.. 2
Lord Chesterfield's Edgar, by Shakspeare..... Scott.... 3

Betting: 6 and 7 to 4 on Mango, and 2 to 1 agst. Adrian.—Edgar took the lead, and made very strong running, Adrian lying second to the bushes, where he was so palpably in distress, that John Day was about to run by him; the gallant horse, however, answered the "call" of his jockey, and kept his place. Edgar maintained his lead at a capital pace to the Duke's Stand, where he was passed by Adrian and Mango. Notwithstanding the doubtful appearance of the race in the last, Adrian kept struggling on, and, by downright honesty, made Mango's victory so unlike an easy one, that it was not till they were fairly within the cords that he can be said to have made it secure: there Adrian gave way, and Mango settled in two lengths ahead, having so little left in him, that John Day had some difficulty to keep his head straight to the chair. A gamer horse than Adrian never started; he was dead beaten at the bushes, and while it makes his defeat an honorable one, it proves that Darling must have ridden him remarkably well.

Match, 200, h. ft. A.F.—Lord Suffield's *Cowboy*, 8st., received from Mr. Thornhill's Egeria, 8st. 6lb.

Match, 100, h. ft. Ab. M.—Lord Lichfield's *Cassandra*, 8st. 9lb., agst. Mr. Pettit's *Anne Boleyn*, 8st. 2lb. Off by consent.

Receiving an impetus from the exciting events of the afternoon, the betting in the evening on the One Thousand Guineas Stakes was quite brisk. At the onset, Glenara was backed freely agst. the field; but as the supporters of The Fairy Queen, Barcarole, and Lord Exeter's two (Mecca and Romania), brought their supplies into the market, her friends became lukewarm, and the field obtained a backed call. The last prices were—

6 to 4 agst. Glenara. | 9 to 2 agst. Wave (no friends).
7 to 2 —— The Fairy Queen. | 5 to 1 —— Barcarole (taken).
4 to 1 —— Lord Exeter's lot (taken).

THE DERBY.

The effect of the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes will be seen in the odds quoted against Bamboo and Grey Momus—comment is out of the question. Nonplus (now the property of Col. Anson) was backed at 12 to 1, Ion once at 12, and afterwards at 14 to 1, and The Early Bird at 500 to 30—his friends rather anxious to get on. Some outsiders were also backed, Young Rowton is nominally at 8 to 1; we did not perceive any desire to back him. Closing odds:—

4 to 1 agst. Grey Momus (taken). | 27 to 1 agst. Conservator.
7 to 1 —— Phœnix. | 40 to 1 —— Bamboo.
9 to 1 —— Young Rowton. | 40 to 1 —— Dormouse (taken).
12 to 1 —— Nonplus (taken). | 40 to 1 —— Amato.
13 to 1 —— Ion (taken). | 50 to 1 —— Dædalus (taken).
25 to 1 —— The Early Bird. | 50 to 1 —— Drum-Major (taken).

THE OAKS.

14 to 1 agst. The Fairy Queen (taken).—No others mentioned.

## WEDNESDAY, May 2.

What with fine weather, a long catalogue of horses for sale—a moderate (very) list for the day—a newly made match for 300, P. P., besides by-bets between Grey Momus and Bamboo, to be run on Friday, at the same weights, and over the same course, as for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes—and the near approach of the One Thousand Guineas Stakes—we had some reason for anticipating a tolerably busy day. Matters, however, did not come off nicely: the sale was a failure, Phosphorus having been bought in for 900 gs., and four or five three year olds from Scott's lot (Gonfalon, Anchorite, Davie Gellatley, &c.) returned unsold to their stables. The match, important as it was *per se*, was not speculated on: and betters on the Derby thought it would be as well to pause till they had proof of the truth or falsity of Tuesday's running. The One Thousand Guineas Stakes, so interesting on Tuesday, was scarcely mentioned; the racing was bad, and the attendance small. The following are all the details requisite for the three insignificant events which "came off" in the course of the afternoon.

*Fifty Pounds*, for 4 year olds, 7st 5lb.—5, 8st. 11 lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 4lb. B.C.
Mr. Sowerby's *Scamander*, 4 yrs..... Mann... 1
Mr. Wilson's Quicksilver, 4 yrs..... Rogers. 2
Mr. Houldsworth's Combat, 4 yrs..... Nat .... 3

At first 5 to 4 was offered on Scamander, but Quicksilver's friends coming on in force, drove him back, and at one period it was even between the two; Scamander's party then rallied, and closed the betting by offering to back him against the field, and to lay 5 to 4 against the other; one small bet of 3 to 1 was made against Combat. Quicksilver cut out the work at a good pace till near the Duke's Stand, where Scamander took it up, increased his lead every stride, had time to dodge right and left at the cords, and afterwards to win by six lengths. Combat made a bad fight of it.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 4 year olds. T.Y.C. Three subs.
Lord Stradbroke's *Fifer*, 7st. 11 lb..... Nat..... 1
Lord Jersey's Pocket Hercules, 7st. 11 lb..... E. Edwards.. 2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Fifer.—It will suffice to state that Pocket Hercules would not run, and that Fifer, having a more pliable temper, had it all his own way, and won by six lengths. Pocket Hercules ran a remarkably game 2 yr. old; he has wonderfully changed.

*Handicap Sweepstakes* of 10 sovs. each, for 3 year olds. D.M. Eight subs.
Mr. Rogers' f. *Slender*, by Lordgwaist, dam by Soothsayer 7st. 7lb..... Pavis.... 1
Mr. Osbaldeston's f. by Brutandorf out of Streamlet, 7st..... Chapple . 2
Mr. Greville's Hilda, sister to Helga, 7st. 5lb..... Nat..... 3

The following were not placed:—Lord Exeter's f. by Redgauntlet, out of Varna 7st. 12lb. (Conelly); Mr. Wilson's f. by Medoro, dam by Figaro, out of Cora, 8st. 2lb. (Rogers); Duke of Rutland's Tivoli, 7st. 5lb (W. Boyce): and Lord Tavistock's c. by Taurus, out of Mysie, 7st. 2lb. (Cotton). Betting.—5 to 2 against Hilda (taken), 4 to 1 against Tivoli (taken), 4 to 1 against Slender, and 4 to 1 agst. Varna. Streamlet made play, followed by Slender, till near the T. Y. C. post, where the latter went past her, kept in front to the end, and won very cleverly by a length.

The following was the state of the betting in the evening:—

MATCH.
2 to 1 on Grey Momus agst. Bamboo, not P.P.

ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, P.P.
11 to 8 agst. Glenara. | 4 to 1 agst. Barcarole.
7 to 2 —— Lord Exeter's two. | 4 to 1 —— The Fairy Queen.

THE DERBY.
9 to 2 agst. Grey Momus. | 25 to 1 agst. Bretby.
6 to 1 —— Phœnix | 33 to 1 —— Richard Roe (taken).
12 to 1 —— Nonplus.

In the course of the day Lord Chesterfield sold Scroggins for 1,200 guineas, to go to France.

## THURSDAY, May 3.

The One Thousand Guineas Stakes, looked at with reference to the Oaks, was almost as interesting to speculators as the Two Thousand, and had quite as powerful an effect on the betting. The speculations in the morning were unfavorable to Glenara, who gradually declined in favor, while plenty were eager to lay out their money on Barcarole, Lord Exeter's two, and the Fairy Queen. Something was said about the Derby, but all we could gather amounted to this—that no one could offer 6 to 1 against Phœnix with impunity, and that, while many parties were pressing for the odds about Cobham, none would lay against him. The races commenced at half past one o'clock, with a good sprinkling of company and beautiful weather, the first event being a

Match, 100, h. ft. D.M.
Lord Exeter's *Corban*, 8st. 7lb..... Conelly. 1
Lord Lichfield's Cassandra, 7st. 6lb..... Rogers. 2

Even betting, the mare for choice.—Won easily by a length.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each. D.M. Three subs.
Lord Suffield's *Cowboy*, 4 yrs. 8st. 12lb..... Pavis.. 1
Duke of Richmond's Hooghley, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb..... W. Day 2
Lord Lichfield's Cassandra, 4 yrs. 7st. 10lb..... Rogers. 3

Cowboy, nothing daunted by the weight, started in front, followed by Hooghley, but perfectly unmolested by Cassandra. They ran into the cords in this order, when William Day, who had been very patient, drew upon his horse, was at his girths in a few yards, and, without quite reaching him, made the finish so nice a thing, that the Judge could only give it to Cowboy by a head.

A *Gold Cup*, value 40 sovs., by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each. A.F. Four subs.
Lord Exeter's *Dardanelles*, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb..... Conelly. 1
Duke of Richmond's Bracelet, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb..... W. Day. 2
Mr. Payne's Austerlitz, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb..... Nat..... 3
Mr. Bond's Coriolanus, 6 yrs. 8st. 7lb..... Mays ... 4

Betting.—5 and 6 to 4 on Dardanelles, and 2 to 1 against Bracelet. Austerlitz with Bracelet and Dardanelles in waiting, made the play to the new ground, where he retreated, and the lead was taken by Dardanelles, Bracelet taking second place, but immediately after making so dead a stop that few expected to see him get home so well as he did; his jock, however, took such pains to *persuade* him, that he came again in the bottom, and ran the four-year-old in to a length. Coriolanus, unlike Bracelet, was *not* to be persuaded.

[A curious circumstance occurred after this race:—Mr. Sheridan's hack, an entire horse (and they are very troublesome articles in the ring), broke from the boy who was holding him, and instead of going right away, after the fashion of common-place animals, amused himself for at least five minutes by galloping at the top of his speed through the throng of horse, foot, and carriage company, congregated near the betting and winning posts. Had he been under the tuition of Monsieur D'Egville he could not have been more careful, for he threaded a labyrinthian crowd with as much facility as the most accomplished dancer would move through a quadrille. Having frightened a great many, and tired himself, he pounced upon a poster stationed near the cords, and was secured without mischief. We never saw a horse so fond of company.]

The *One Thousand Guineas Stakes*, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 year old fillies, 8st. 4lb. each. D.M. Twenty-two subs.
Lord Albemarle's br. f. *Barcarole*, by Emilius, out of Bravura..... E. Edwards. 1
Lord Exeter's ch. f. Mecca, sister to Corban..... Darling .... 2
Lord Exeter's ch. f. Romania, by Sultan..... Conelly .... 3

The following were not placed:—Lord Jersey's ch. f. Glenara, sister to Glencoe (Robinson); Col. Peel's bl. f. Wave, by Defence (Pavis); and Mr. Osbaldeston's f. The Fairy Queen, by Brutandorf (Rogers).

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Glenara (not many friends), 4 to 1 agst. Barcarole, 4 to 1 agst. Romania, 9 to 2 agst. The Fairy Queen, and 7 to 1 agst. Mecca.—Mecca made first running, with Barcarole next her, but after a quarter of the distance had been accomplished, they changed places, the latter taking a lead of about half a length, Romania lying up with them. Looking well at every part of the race, Barcarole had made Wave safe at the T.Y.C. post, Glenara and The Fairy Queen a few strides further on, and was thus left with only Mecca, for Romania, although at their heels, was fairly concluded; of Mecca she disposed at the ropes, and ran by the "Bricklayer's Arms," alias the Judge's chair, a very clever winner by a length. Judging from the shouts of the bystanders, we should say that Lord Albemarle's popularity with all classes has not been overrated. Romania was hardly half a length from Mecca; of the others, it is enough to say that they had *quantum suff.* a long way from home. The pace was severe throughout. The style in which Barcarole won gives some color to her trainer's assertion, that had the pace been good, she would have won her race in the Craven meeting.

The *Queen's Plate* of 100 guineas, for 4 year olds, 9st. 8lb.—5, 10st. 8lb.—6 and aged, 11st. R.C.
Mr. Bird's *Redshank*, 5 yrs..... C. Edwards. 1
Lord Exeter's Dardanelles, 4 yrs..... Conelly .... 2
Mr. Sowerby's St. Luke, 5 yrs..... Robinson... 3
Mr. Payne's Policy, by Sir Hercules, 4 yrs..... Chifney .... 4

Betting: Even and 5 to 4 on Redshank, 3 to 1 agst. Dardanelles, 4 to 1 agst. Policy, and 6 to 1 agst. St. Luke.—Placing Dardanelles three lengths before Redshank, the above will be the order in which the race was run till they reached the hill opposite the stand, where Dardanelles tired. Redshank passed him, and won by five lengths. St. Luke was a dozen lengths behind the second, and the Irish nag nearly as much from him. The pace was good, without being severe.

Match, 300, h. ft. Ab. M.—Duke of Richmond's *Mus*, 7st 8lb., rec'd 100 sovs. from Lord Chesterfield's Scroggins, 8st. 9lb.

Match, 200, h. ft. T.Y.C.—Mr. Thornhill's *Egeria*, 9st. 2lb., agst. Lord Chesterfield's Anchorite, 7st. 2lb.—Off by consent.

Subsequent to the races there was a little betting about the Match and Newmarket Stakes, and some palaver about the Derby. For the first event 100 to 45 was the first bet on Grey Momus agst. Bamboo, after which 2 to 1 was taken with a good deal of spirit, the non-favorite party laying the "flattering unction to their souls," that Bamboo *might* scramble through. For the Newmarket Stakes, 6 to 5 was betted freely on Bœotian, 3 to 1 agst. Dædalus, and 7 to 2 agst. Beggarman. Of the Derby we have but a "beggarly account" to give: offers to take 5 to 1 about the Grey, and 6 to 1 about Phœnix, met with no response, and repeated attempts to get a little on Cobham were equally unsuccessful. The only change was in Bamboo, whose chance of "scrambling" through his match, elevated him to 22 to 1, outside price. The Oaks betting, if a solitary engagement can justify the phrase, proved that the One Thousand Guineas Stakes had not been inoperative; Barcarole rose to 7 to 1, and Glenara was sent to the back ground; but, as an offer was made to take 20 to 1 about her, we take it for granted that "she was not prepared for the race."

## FRIDAY, May 4.

The beauty of the weather, and the great interest excited by the match between Grey Momus and Bamboo, added to the general excellence of the list, attracted a full and fashionable company, and we are happy to add that their anticipations of a brilliant finale to an excellent meeting, were realised to the fullest extent. The following is a sketch of the sport:—

*Handicap* (first class) of 10 sovs. each, for 3 year olds and upwards. T.Y.C. Six subs.
Duke of Richmond's *Bracelet*, by Sultan, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb..... W. Day.. 1
Mr. Tilbrook's f. by Partisan, out of Pawn, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb..... Cotton... 2
Mr. Pettit's Ann Boleyn, 3 yrs. 6st. 9lb..... Pettit.... 3
Col. Peel's f. by Defence, out of Mary Anne, 3 yrs. 6st. 9lb..... Pavis.... 4
Mr. Osbaldeston's Mahometan, 4 yrs. 8st. 12lb..... Rogers.. 5

Betting: first 5 to 4, and afterwards 2 to 1 agst. Bracelet, and 2 to 1 agst. Fawn filly. Ann Boleyn took the lead, followed by Bracelet and Fawn filly to the new ground, where the latter took it up, Bracelet waiting on her; near the finish she went up, and, after a short, sharp struggle, won by half a length. Mahometan was beaten off a long way, nor did the Colonel's filly cut a very good figure.

Match, 300, h. ft. A.F.
Lord Exeter's *Troilus*, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb..... Conelly. 1
Lord Lichfield's The Carpenter, 5 yrs. 8st. 12lb..... J. Day.. 2

Betting, 5 to 2 on Troilus, who made strong running till near the cords; here The Carpenter went up, raced with him half way up them, looked well for a few strides, but dropped off about a dozen yards from the chair, and was beaten half a length.

Match, 300, P.P. R.M. 8st. 7lb.
Lord G. Bentinck's *Grey Momus*..... J. Day. 1
Lord Suffield's Bamboo..... Pavis.. 2

Betting before starting: 5 to 2 on Grey Momus (taken), and 3000 to 100 agst. Bamboo for the Derby (taken). To try what strong running would do, Bamboo went off at score, the grey, reversing the order of Tuesday's running, lying at least a couple of lengths behind him. They held these places to the bushes, where it was obvious that Bamboo had no chance. The grey now drew upon him, was clear of him before he reached the cords, and won much easier than on Tuesday, by two honest lengths. The betting was very heavy. The course, a mile and a yard in length, was run in one minute and 50 seconds if we add to this three quarters of a mile at the same rate, we make the St. Leger distance in 3 minutes and 11 seconds, about 11 secs. below the average; but as this was only a mile, the pace cannot be looked upon as superior.

Match, 300, h. ft. D.M.
Mr. S. Stanley's *Rat Trap*, 8st. 2lb..... Robinson. 1
Lord Suffield's Caravan, 8st. 9lb..... Pavis..... 2

Betting: 11 to 5 on Rat Trap, who made good play to the ropes, where Caravan went up to him, made a splendid fight for victory, and was only beaten by a neck. The same horses ran for the Port last meeting at even weights, and Rat Trap won in a canter, after a strong-run race; now, receiving 7lb. from the same horse he beat so easily, he can only win by a neck. Such are the uncertainties of the Turf.

The *Newmarket Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 year olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. D.M. Ten subs.
Duke of Portland's c. *Bœotian*, by Taurus, out of Thebes..... J. Day..... 1
Lord Stradbroke's b. c. Beggarman, by Zinganee, out of Adeline..... Nat ..... 2
Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. Dædalus, by Buzzard, out of Icaria..... Robinson.. 3
Lord Exeter's f. Romania, by Sultan, out of Ramona..... Conelly.... 4

Betting: 5 to 4 on Bœotian, 3 to 1 agst. Beggarman, 4 to 1 agst Dædalus, and 10 to 1 agst. Romania. Dædalus jumped off in front at a splitting pace, Bœotian and Beggarman lying close up. Long before they reached the cords Romanie declined, Dædalus following her example on reaching them. The race now became exceedingly interesting between Bœotian and Beggarman, the former, however, having his head in front, an advantage which, with very great difficulty, he maintained to the end, but so long and close was the contest, that the race was never won till the last stride. Dædalus was beaten three or four lengths. Before starting, Beggarman was backed for the Derby at 50 to 1—after the race, an offer was made to take half those odds. The distance, which is 43 yards shorter than the R.M., was run in about 5 seconds less time.

*Handicap* (second class) of 10 sovs. each, for 3 year olds and upwards. T.Y.C.
Mr. Bond's b. c. by Reveller, out of Scurry, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb..... Cotton..... 1
Mr. Sowerby's St. Luke, 5 yrs. 9st..... Robinson ..... 2
Duke of Richmond's Hooghley, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb..... W. Day..... 3
Lord Albemarle's Gil Blas, 4 yrs. 7st. 11 lb..... E. Edwards... 4

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. St. Luke, and 3 to 1 agst. Hooghley. A fast and very closely contested race with the whole till within 40 yards of the chair, where Gil Blas declined. St. Luke here ran up to the 3 year old, and made a desperate finish, the Scurry colt winning by a head only.

Match, 200, h. ft., 8st. 7lb. on each. D.M.—Duke of Beaufort's *Inuendo* rec'd from Lord Suffield's Bamboo.

Match, 300, h. ft. First 3 miles of B.C.—Lord Exeter's *Velure*, 8st. 2lb., rec'd 100 sovs. from Mr. Greville's Mango, 8st. 12lb.

Match, 200, h. ft. T.Y.C.—Mr. Thornhill's *Saintfoin*, 8st. 12lb., rec'd from Lord Wilton's Sister to Bamfylde, 8st.

Match, 100, h. ft. R.M.—Lord Suffield's *Cowboy*, 8st. 9lb., rec'd from Duke of Richmond's Skilleygolee, 8st.

The following is a statement of the betting on the Derby up to the close of the meeting:—

5 to 1 agst. Grey Momus (taken). | 13 to 1 agst. Nonplus.
11 to 2 —— Phœnix (taken). | 15 to 1 —— Ion.
9 to 1 —— Young Rowton. | 20 to 1 —— Early Bird (taken).
12 to 1 —— Cobham (taken). | 20 to 1 —— Beggarman.
Cobham was backed for £300.

THE OAKS.

7 to 1 agst. Vespertilio. | 7 to 1 agst. Barcarolle.
No others mentioned.

DERBY—1839.

3,000 to 200 agst. Lord Jersey's Brother to Bay Middleton.

EPSOM RACES.—To obviate an inconvenience which has been felt ever since the closing of the Tun in Jermyn-street, and at the same time facilitate the speculations on the Derby and Oaks, Mr. Evans, of the Grand Hotel, Covent Garden, intends, at the suggestion of some of the most influential members of Tattersall's, to open a suite of apartments during the week preceding, and in the race week, so that the public will have a convenient place for transacting business in the evening. The rooms will be open to subscribers at half a sovereign each.

## Salmagundi.

"Why, Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look!" "Dare say, Bob, for the fact is, I never was so old before in all my life."

The Marlboro' Hotel in Boston, allows neither "gin, cider, beer, nor smoking," within its walls.

*Madame and her Gauntlet.*—"What shall I sing, Charles?" said the fair Eliza, the other morning, to her own dear—not granny-dier. "What you please," replied Charles, with an aristocratic yawn. Madame threw her glove in his face, and unfurled *her handkerchief*, striking up the following from Kenney's *Alcaide*:—

"My gauntlet's down, my flag unfurl'd—
Whate'er my fortune be,
For thee, my love, I'd lose the world,
Or win a world in thee!
Yes, thou shalt be my polar star,
O'er youth's bewildering tide,
To lands of promised bliss afar,
My bright and beaming guide!
My gauntlet's down!"

Charles declared he was too tired to take the gauntlet up.

*The Victoria Bouquet.*—An exchange paper, speaking of the bouket flowers, sent out in the Great Western, to Queen Victoria, remarks that the compliment was "very sweet, but rather *far fetched*."

*Black* spirits and *white*,
Blue spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle———."

A lady of New York who was attending the Anti-Slavery Convention at Pennsylvania Hall, thus writes to a friend of hers in reference to the adjournment of the meeting on the evening previous to the destruction of that building:—

"As we retired, the colored members of the Convention were *protected* by their *white* SISTERS, and oh! shame to say, at both were thrown a shower of stones."

That is to say, each negro present was hung upon the arm of a *white sister* by way of *protection!* Reader, fancy to yourself a wife, sister, or daughter of yours, parading the public streets, and hanging upon the arm of some gay Othello on the one side, and a buxom wench on the other.

The report that the "authorities" of Norfolk had contracted with Porter, the Kentucky Giant, to "brush the cobwebs from the moon and re-guild the stars," is contradicted in the papers of that city. "Old Kentuck" says he don't stoop to such business.

*Dental Law.*—Business being slack in the solicitor line, lately, in Gray's Inn, with a certain limb of the law, he has taken to the not inappropriate calling and occupation of dentist. We are assured that the following is the wording of the bill of his first job:—

To looking at your case..... 6s. 8d.
To filling your teeth, and office copy..... 13s. 4d.

A lady was recently tried in Maryland for chastising her husband. She *expunged* the gentleman's eyes by drawing black lines around them with her finger nails.

*The Man with the Nose.*—We have seen the mineral nose described by Dr. Smith, in the Medical Journal, and are free to confess that the excellence of this singular species of nasal protuberance, the entire absence of which causes one to look rather queer, has not been overrated. We agree with the Editor of the Nantucket Inquirer, that Dr. Harwood is entitled to an honorary degree from *Brazen Nose College*. The nose is fastened firmly to a pair of spectacles, and may be removed at pleasure. Such a nose is convenient on more accounts than one—if an ill-mannered fellow threatens to pull it, all you have to do is, *to put it quietly into your pocket*, and defy him to do his worst.

The metallic nose should be made trumpet-form, so that it might be blowed to advantage.
U. S. Gazette.

Among the new institutions of the day, not the least useful is, perhaps, the "Female Servants' House;" the object of which, as set forth by the ladies patronesses in their printed circular, is to offer a domestic retreat for females out of place, and it is particularly stated that such as are recommended, are "comfortably lodged but not boarded."

A genuine loafer is said to be one who lounges about in stores, &c., for the purpose of reading newspapers, but never subscribes for one.

A GOOD WIFE AT BOTTOM.

What each lady must *lose* when to ride
Like the Queen she is taught to begin,
I should like, exclaimed Tom, for my bride—
Guess her name? We can do so—Er-skin.

The elder D'Israeli has been a hunter of curiosities all his life, and has managed to collect a vast many from various sources. But though he has searched far and wide, the greatest wonder he ever met with has been found at home. His son, Benjamin, is unquestionably the greatest "literary curiosity" of the day.

One day Mr. Curran said to Father O'Leary, the well known Roman Catholic Priest,—

"Reverend Father, I wish that you were St. Peter."

"And why, Counsellor, do you wish that I was St. Peter?" asked the Rev. gentleman.

"Because, Reverend Father, in that case you would have the keys of heaven, and could let me in."

"By my honor and conscience, Counsellor," replied the Divine, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

Curran enjoyed the joke, which he admitted had a good deal of reason in it.

*Sentimental.*—Sitting on a pike fence, in a rain storm, smoking a long-nine.

In the Library advertised for sale belonging to the Ordinary of Newgate, the Rev. Dr. *Cotton*, one of the rarest and most tempting gems in the collection, was an old tract on the culture of *Hemp*.

On seeing Dubufe's picture of the Temptation of Adam, Lady Fitzroy very naively and temptingly inquired of Alvanley, whether, in his opinion, "the first *slip* of woman took place before the *fall* or not." The noble "bloater," after a thoughtful pause, expressed his belief that the Scriptures warranted the conclusion that "the woman *slipped* first, and then, as was natural, *fell* afterwards." The fair querist intimated her entire concurrence in this exposition of the text.

*Contrivance.*—Since the passage of the non-license law in Massachusettes, tomato-pill shops are very numerous, where the *rosy* extract is sold in any quantity.

A barrel of rum has been convicted in Boston of making a captain beat and chain his mate in the Southern Ocean. Our neighbor of the Gazette thinks the offender should be *beheaded*.

It is given as a reason why butter is selling at double its real value, that the grass is so high the milk boys can't find the cows.

Sefton declares the resolve of the Ministers to have no coronation banquet to be in the worst possible *taste*. Sir George Warrender expresses the same opinion in a different manner—he says that if persisted in, it will show an utter want of *taste*. To neither gourmand is the resolution at all *palatable*.

A well known portrait-painter in Dublin was recently *honored* by *Lady* M——'s commands to *take* her expressive potato face. While the painter was hard at work, laboring in his vocation, *mi Ladi* was equally hard at work *at her mouth*, twisting her features in order to render it smaller, and putting her lips into the most extreme contraction. The painter's patience was at last exhausted, and throwing down his pencil, exclaimed, "Oh, by J——s, you need not trouble yourself so much, my lady; for if you like it, I'll draw you without any mouth at all, at all."

It is reported that Prince de Joinville has opened a negotiation for the purchase of Banker Hill Monument, and that he intends to carry it to Europe, as a coronation present for Queen Victoria.

*History.*—An up-country editor calls Alexander the Great "the haughty *Roman*."—Oh, Scissors!

*Consoling.*—At the Sligo Assizes, a man named John Breheste was found guilty of robbery, and recommended by the Jury to mercy, when the Judge, in answer to the recommendation, said—"Gentlemen, he shall be hanged in the gentlest way possible!"

PERJURED PALMERSTON.

They call the lordly Foreign Sec—and what jest can be fairer,
When plastered, padded, painted, patched—a terrible *false* wearer.

A gentleman in New York, having invented a machine to facilitate ladies in the delightful practice of tight-lacing, concludes his notice by observing, that *it will squeeze the little delicate creatures into the size of a hoe handle!*

A certain young lady's countenance is said to be so expressive that it is utterly impossible for her to keep a secret. On one occasion she recited a whole tragedy without speaking a word. You can hear her eyes speak through a partition two inches in thickness.

A young spark, who is courting a respectable young lady in New Orleans, sat so late a few evenings since, that the servants were all the forenoon of next day, in whitewashing his shadow off the wall.

In a capital case an Irishman was called as witness. "Did you see defendant shoot the deceased through the heart?" inquired the counsel.

"No, faith, how can that be, your lordship," responded the witness, "for he often tould me that he had left his heart in ould Ireland, and it was here in Ameriky that he was kilt."

A sea officer, who had lost his hand by a grape shot, was in company with a young lady, who remarked that it was a cruel ball which deprived him of his hand. "A noble ball, madam," said he, "for it bore away the palm."

The latest Yankee invention is a new-fashioned travelling bag, in which a man can stow himself upon a journey, and travel without the knowledge of such spunges as dun a man for his fare. He places himself in the bag, and taking it in his hand, passes for baggage.

*A Man of Enlarged Ideas.*—"Mister, where is your house?" asked a curious traveller of a "half horse and half alligator" squatter. "House, eh! do you think I'm one of that sort, stranger! I sleeps in the Government purchase—I eats raw bear and buffalo, and drinks out of the Mississippi!"

A hoosier paper contains an editorial notice that marriages and deaths will not be published unless authorised by some known name, and prefers that they should be delivered *in person!* It may be expedient, therefore, for those who wish their obituary notice inserted, to hand them in the day *before hand!*

*A Dictionary used up.*—A few days since a gentleman requested a bystander to loan him two dollars. He said he hadn't it. "Well," said he, "I'll be grissled if the times aint right spurious."

*Your sweet Voices.*—A politician receiving the applause of his constituents at a public meeting, stated that he had been ushered into office on a cloud of garlic and rum.

An Irishman once riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, discovered that the horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes on his shoulders, and again mounted, saying "it was better that he should carry the *praties*, as he was fresher than the poor *baste*."

*Absence of Mind.*—Mr. Imlach, late minister of the Muirhouse, near Dundee, was remarkable for his absence of mind. In his prayer one day he said, "O Lord bless all the ranks and degrees of persons, from the king on the dung-hill to the beggar on the throne." Then recollecting himself, he added, "I mean from the beggar on the throne to the king on the dung-hill."

*Droll Story of a Fox.*—Some years ago, a Fox was kept at the Talbot Inn, Shrewsbury, and employed in a wheel to turn the jack; but after a while Reynard gave his keepers the slip, and regained his native fields. The very fox was afterwards pursued by the hounds, but running into the town he sprung over a half-door which opened into the kitchen, jumped into his wheel, resumed his former occupation, and saved his life. This, though very amazing, is absolutely true.

EPIGRAM.—An old gentleman of the name of Gould married a girl of nineteen, He wrote a letter to one of his friends, informing him of the happy event, with this couplet:—

"So you see, my dear friend, though eighty years old,
A girl of nineteen falls in love with old Gould."

He received a reply in these terms:

"A girl of nineteen may love Gould, it is true,
But believe me, dear sir, it is *Gold* without *U*."

What is that which is above all human imperfections, and yet shelters the weakest and wisest, as well as the wickedest of all mankind?—A Hat.

One pill of Dr. Brandreth's worn in each pocket will instantly give ease and plasticity to the tightest pantaloons. A like quantity will create an appetite in the most delicate stomach, or physic a horse. They will also be found to give a rich flavor to apple dumplings, and a peculiar zest to pickled oysters; they will thicken soup, reduce corpulent persons, and are excellent bait for mouse-traps. One pill dissolved in a bucket of rain water, will be found a perfect water-proof lining for canal embankments; placed in steamboat boilers, they will effectually prevent their bursting, and greatly increase the speed of the boats. As for their medical qualities, they are justly entitled to be called "Medicamentum Gracia Probatum," id est, a remedy approved by grace—for they effectually cool St. Anthony's fire, and stop St. Vitus's dance; they purify the pimples in the small pox, and eradicate the red gum in teething; they reduce white swellings, and cure the black jaundice, blue devils, yellow, scarlet, or any other colored fevers; they cure also the thrush in children, and the pip in hens, the staggers in horses, and the nightmare in owls.

COVENT GARDEN.—Serjeant Talfourd's play of Ion was revived at this theatre on Friday night, with an almost new, and in many respects, superior cast. The character of Ion was, of course, sustained, as heretofore, by Mr. Macready.

"FISH STORIES."—The papers are teeming with the feats of the disciples of old Walton about these days. Next to a cat-fish story, that we shall introduce presently, the following, from the Boston Transcript, "takes the rag off:"—

SALMON TROUT.—The British side of Lake Ontario has long been famous for its fine salmon trout. Lately two men from Rochester determined to satisfy themselves whether there were none of this kind of fish on the American side, and they succeeded to their satisfaction, having found attached to their lines, which they left out one night, seventy-four fat trout, whose aggregate weight was seven hundred pounds.

It should be stated here, in explanation of the above, that "the lines" alluded to were attached to a cable of over a mile in length. [This estimate is a pretty modest one for us—we have seen "five miles" given by two or three papers as the exact length of this said cable.] The cable was drawn through the water the whole day by a schooner without catching anything; one night the fishermen drew it across the mouth of a bay, and left it until morning, when they made the glorious haul spoken of by the Transcript. Here's a story of a *tom cod*, that, we dare say, is as true as if it was "but a week old," from the Boston Morning Post:

A Cod was caught off Newport a short time since, which weighed *seventy-five* pounds when first caught, and *fifty-five* after he was cleaned. In his maw were four toutaug and five flat fish. If any man dare to doubt this story we will knock him down.

But here's the "kill 'em John,"—the regular "wolf, bite him, Jones!" from the Commonwealth," published at Frankfort, Ky.:—

The season for fishing in the Kentucky river is now at its best, and those who are fond of the sport are enjoying it to the top of their bent. Large catfish are taken in unusual numbers, weighing from twenty to fifty pounds each, and on yesterday Mr. Charles Morris, one of the young gentlemen in our office, caught one, the weight of which was more than eighty pounds. This is the largest caught here since the capture of the "old admiral," which was taken several years ago by E. Macurdy, Esq., and only wanted a pound and three quarters of being a plum—that is to say, a hundred pounder.

These immense things are caught with hook and line, and machinery, to wit—a pole and reel. The line is not larger than a common sewing thread, and is from one to two hundred yards long. The reel is a multiplier, one turn of the crank producing six revolutions of the wheel.—The bait is usually a small live fish of the weight of from a quarter to a half of a pound. The ordinary time for bringing one of these old residenters of the deep to terms, is from one to three hours, and we have known the angler to be six hours at it, and hard at work all the time. It requires great skill to prevent the hook or line from being broken. The feat of catching a big cat is one worth seeing; we described it once, and if anybody wants to know exactly how it is done, we refer them to that description for all the particulars.


## BEACON COURSE, NEW JERSEY.

**$1200 IN PURSES, WILL BE GIVEN FOR FOOT RACING, And other Athletic Exercises, on this Course, being within one mile of New York.**

THE MEETING for the above Purses will commence on Wednesday, 27th June, and continue two days.

FIRST DAY—WEDNESDAY. (To commence at 1 o'clock.)

A Purse of $300 for a Foot Race, Two mile heats, the best 3 in 5 to win the money. $25 of the purse to the 2d best.

*Same Day*—A purse of $50 for the greatest distance Walked in one hour. $10 of the money to the 2d best.

*Same Day*—A purse of $25 for Running two hundred yards. $5 of the money to the 2d best.

*Same Day*—A purse of $50 for the Highest Leaps over a Bar, (to Run and Leap). $10 of the money to the 2d best.

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY

A purse of $550 for a Foot Race, Three mile heats. $50 of the money to go to the 2d best.

*Same Day*—A purse of $50 for Running a quarter of a mile. $10 of the money to the 2d best.

*Same Day*—A purse of $50 for the farthest three Jumps, (to Stand and Jump.)

*Same Day*—A purse of $25 for the farthest Pitch of a Bar.

*Same Day*—To close the performance, a purse of $100 for a Bag Race, three hundred yards. $15 of the money to the second best. $10 to the third best; if there should be but two entries, the second will be entitled to $5.

☞ Entries for the purses of $300 and $500 will close on Saturday, the 23d of June, and all other Entries to close at 5 o'clock in the Evening, the day previous to the Race.

Entries to be made with Mr. SLOAT, at the Course. For either of the above Purses two or more must enter to entitle the Winner to the money.

Persons wishing to enter for the above, will give information of the same to Mr. Sloat, as early as possible.

All difficulties to be decided by the Judges of the day.

Persons entering for any of the above Purses, will be charged 5 per cent. for each Purse so entered for.

C. S BROWNING, One of the Proprietors of Beacon Course.

P.S.—In case of unfavourable weather a *White Flag* will be hoisted at the Stand, which may readily be seen from the city. [J2-4t]

## METAIRIE RACE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING over this Course, will take place on the 2d Wednesday, 12th December, 1838.

*First day*—Mile heats, Purse ..... $500
*Same day*—Two mile heats..... 750
*Second day*—Three mile heats..... 1200
*Third day*—Four mile heats..... 2000
*Fourth day*—Mile heats, best 3 in 5..... 700
*Fifth day*—Three mile heats, Proprietor's Purse. 1000

The Nashville Rail Road, New Orleans Canal, the splendid shell road on the bank of the same (the finest carriage road in the Union), together with the Metairie Road, give more numerous and delightful means of approach to this, than any other.

JAMES S GARRISON, } *Proprietors.*
RICHARD ADAMS, }
THOMAS J. WELLS, }

*New Orleans, April* 15, 1838. [a8] S. M. READ *Sec'y of the M. J. C.*

## St. MATTHEWS (S. C.) RACES.

THE Annual Races, over the Richardson Course, will commence on Tuesday, 8th January, 1839, and continue four days.

*First Day*—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1835, sub. $100, P.P., Two mile heats. Closed with nine subs, viz:—

John C. Singleton names b. c. by Godolphin, out of Young Lottery.
James B. Richardson names b. c. by Virginius, out of Financier.
Edward Richardson names br. f. by Godolphin, out of Miss Rock.
John Colclough names s. c. by Godolphin, dam by Kosciusko.
Donald Rowe names s. f. by Argyle, dam by Kosciusko.
Thos. Richardson names b. f. by Virginius, dam by Sir Archy.
P. McRa names b. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of Financier.
P. M. Butler names ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Imp. Merryfield.
J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Dorken, out of Sortorius.

*Second Day*—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats. }
*Third Day*—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats. } Free for all.
*Fourth Day*—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats. }

[m12 8t] THOMAS OLIVER, *Secretary.*

## CHEAP MUSIC.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 BROADWAY, New-York,—where may always be obtained a large and valuable assortment of music, musical instruments, and musical merchandise of every variety, and of the first quality.

New and fashionable music, also standard publications of old and valuable music, gamots, and instruction books, church music, and music for the flute, &c.

Music bound in superior style, with spring backs.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that having made arrangements with the manufacturer, he will be constantly supplied with PIANO FORTES of every description, which, for superiority of touch, richness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the country.

Great attention will be given to orders for Piano Forte tunings, both as regards the manner of tuning, and the punctuality of executing orders.

The stock of music merchandise is very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to music, both of European and American manufacture. [m5]

## STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

## DOCTOR CALDWELL.

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bush, where he will continue his practice an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur [J10]

## TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

## TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn [A26]

## INSTRUCTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

THIS Institution, formerly of Courtlandt-street, will be re-opened for the reception of pupils on the first of May next, at 258 Spring-street, near Hudson. Arrangements have been made for persons coming from the country, and others that choose it, to board at the Institute, and thus be constantly under the superintendence of the Principal. The system taught will be the same as practised by the subscriber for the last five years, with such complete success. Hundreds of persons in this city and the adjoining country, have experienced its benefits, and testified to its complete efficacy in curing the worst of stammerers. Pupils will be received from five years old to forty, and a cure in all cases guaranteed, or the money will be refunded.

Terms, from $25 to $100, (the indigent cured gratis). For further information apply to the subscriber at the Institute, if by letter, post paid.

Circulars can be had, by applying as above, containing certificates of cures, recommendations, &c. HENRY WELLS, *Principal.*

New York, April, 1838

## TO SPORTSMEN.

INDIA RUBBER BOOTS, of the ordinary length, or topped with India Rubber Cloth, for Shooting or Fishing.—These boots are much lighter than leather, are very durable, and of course perfectly water-proof. A variety of these Boots, with and without leather soles, constantly on hand or made to order.

A general assortment of India Rubber Articles, among which are Ladies' and Gentlemens' Lined and Over Shoes, Cloth of every description, Mitter's Horse Boots, Life Preservers, Life Vests, etc. etc. S. C. SMITH, India Rubber Store, 66 Chatham-St.,

[J9-3t'.] Second door above the Commercial Bank.

## MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

*First Day*—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

*Second Day*—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats..... $500
*Third Day*—J. C. Purse Three mile heats..... 700
*Fourth Day*—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats..... 1000
*Fifth Day*—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5..... 300

} Free for all ages.

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y.*

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary. [ap21] F. K. W.

## THOROUGH-BRED COLTS FOR SALE.

GRAY COLT, by Col. Johnson's Medley, (foaled in May, 1835, 15 hands one inch high,) dam by Duroc, grandam by Sir Solomon, g. g. dam Col. Hoomes's imported mare Trumpetta. This is a beautiful colt.

2. BAY COLT, foaled in May, 1836, by Alhambra, dam same as above. This is a very strongly formed colt, and of promising appearance. For pedigree of Alhambra see Am. Turf Register, Vol. 7, No. 2, P. 96.

The Duroc mare was bred by Mr. James Davison, and the Sir Solomon mare by the late Mr. Hunt, both formerly of this neighborhood.

The imported mare Trumpetta was sold by a son of Col. Hoomes to the late Mr. Bela Badger, and finally came into the hands of Mr. Hunt. Trumpetta was the grandam of Mr. Badger's Trumpator, a horse of reputation now standing in the West.

The two colts may be had for $400. If not sold before the 22d of May, they will be offered at public sale during the first Spring meeting at Camden.

Applicat on to be made to the subscriber, near Bordentown, N. J.

[a14] A. ASHBURNER.

## FOR SALE.

THE CLUB BOAT DISOWNED, 39 feet long well found with oars, &c. She was built by Seaman of Jersey City, and won the great $2000 race last season, beating the Gen. Washington, of Poughkeepsie. Price $350. Application to be made to Capt. C. Cole, South Ferry, N. Y. [J6]

## THE IMPORTED HORSE PHILIP.

AFTER a passage of nearly one hundred days from Liverpool, has been landed safely at Nashville.

*Philip* is a rich brown, of great strength and high finish, full 16 hands high. He continued on the Turf till 9 years old, and won 23 races, mostly long distances and heats, and ran 9 times second. His eye is clear and expressive—his ear of medium length and well pointed, and his head small, bony, and blood-like; his neck gracefully arched; withers and hips right; good barrel of sufficient length, and his legs clean, neat, and free from spavin, puff, or wind, and his muscles throughout well defined. He will make his first season at Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

Tennessee heretofore had a good variety of native and imported horses, but we wanted a descendant of Haphazard and Filho da Puta—we have it in our power to tender to the public that descendant. Philip, got by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus (also the dam of Palatine, Arachne, winner 28 times, Fanny Davies, Leda, Vanish, a winner about 30 times, John and Christina); her dam by Hyacinthus, out of Flora (the dam of Trim, Zara, Jock, St. Denais, and Echo,) by King Fergus—Atalanta by Matchem (the dam of Faith, Pacolet, Harold, Fox, Rosalind, Yarico, and Bradamante)—Lass of the Mill by Oroonoko, her dam by Old Traveller, sister to Clarke's Lass of the Mill)—Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound—Old Partner—Woodcock (dam of Lampton and Miss Doe)—Croft's Bay Barb (grandam of the Ancaster Starling)—Makeless (Desdemona's dam)—Brimmer—Dicky Pierson (son of Dodsworth)—Burton Barb mare.

Filho, by Haphazard, out of Mrs. Barnet by Waxy.
Haphazard, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Miss Hervey by Eclipse.
Camillus, by Hamiltonian, out of Faith by Pacolet.
Hyacinthus, by Coriander, out of Rosalind by Phenomenon.

Surely it is needless to say a word of Old Matchem, or to hint to a judicious breeder, that from the invincible Eclipse, the two best lines of descent are through King Fergus, Hamiltonian, Blacklock, and Camillus, &c., and Pot-8-o's, Waxy, and Coriander, &c., and if we would ascend to the renowned King Herod, where would we rather go, than through Filho da Puta, Haphazard, Sir Peter Teazle, and Highflyer.

Nashville, Tenn., March 7, 1838. [m31] THOS. A. PANKEY & CO.

## SHARK

THIS celebrated race horse and stallion, by American Eclipse, his dam the universally and noted race mare Old Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy, whose colts (and not a large number) have sold for nearly $50,000, will make his season this Spring at Charlotte Court-House, Virginia, at $60 and $100 under the management of Col. THOMAS P. RICHARDSON and Maj. R. I. GAINES. If Shark is not encouraged as a stock horse, it is time to invest in the genuine *breed* of the Old Dominion. He sold not long since for $15,000 cash. He is now at his stand, in fine health, ready for business—has proven himself a sure and good foal getter, five feet three inches high, remarkably handsome. His color is coal-black. Particulars hereafter. [mar. 2-tf.]

## HICKORY JOHN.

THIS celebrated Racer and Thorough bred Horse has left this place for his stand at La Grange, Troup Co., Ga., where he will remain for the Spring season only, under my charge, as he will make his appearance on the Turf again this fall, when he will have had time to recover from an injury sustained in one of his feet, when on his way hence to Columbia. His terms will be $60 the season, payable within the season; $100 insurance, payable as usual, and $1 to the groom. As a racer, it is not known that he has any superiors—in point of breeding he has but few equals—he traces through the most fashionable and approved crosses to the old Cub mare, the ancestress of Bascombe, and a host of others highly distinguished on the Turf and in the Stud. His color is a rich chesnut, and his form unites beauty and strength to a degree. His pedigree and performances will be published at length in hand bills.

Mares that may be sent to him will be taken care of at the usual rates and terms.

La Grange, Troup Co., Ga. [F24-tf.] HERRING & JETER.

## PENNOYER

WILL STAND this season at Augusta, Ga., at $50. He is out of the celebrated race mare Ariel, and got by Henry; for further particulars as to sire and dam see Turf Register. He is 4 years old this Spring, a dark bay, 15¼ hands high, well proportioned, and very handsome. The reason of his not figuring on the turf is, that he received, when a two year old, a severe kick on his right fore leg, which caused a large knee; his owner has taken every pains to remove it, but has not succeeded, so has to stand him.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 4, 1838. [J20-tf] JOHN MORRISON.

## CARRIAGE HORSES WANTED.

A VERY LIBERAL PRICE will be paid at This Office for a splendid pair of Carriage Horses. Handsome bays, with long tails, about 15¼ hands high, would be preferred; they must have superior action, and be well broke. Apply immediately to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

## THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [J27]

## REMOVAL.

MILFORD (agent), formerly proprietor of the American Hotel, 229 Broadway, has removed to the CARLTON HOUSE, corner of Broadway and Leonard Street.

This new and elegant establishment has very superior accommodations. A large number of Parlors, with Chambers attached, are provided for the reception of Families, and Gentlemen desirous of obtaining that kind of arrangement for their occasional residence in the City.

The Drawing Rooms are situated on the corner of Broadway and Leonard Street, and consist of two splendid apartments, connected by folding doors, and devoted exclusively to Families not having Parlors. A Parlor is also provided on Broadway for Gentlemen.

All the Arrangements of this Mansion are calculated to ensure attention, comfort, and privacy.

The dining hour for Ladies and Gentlemen, not having a separate table, is 5 o'clock; but a table is laid at half past 3 o'clock for those who prefer an earlier hour, or leave town in the afternoon boats.

☞ The charges for board, Wines, &c. &c., will be found more than usually reasonable. [m26-3t.]

## RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - - Lafayette Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d week in Dec.
" " Match, $1 000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney*, Fall meeting.
BEANS'STATION, Tenn. Match, $1000 a-side, *Levinia Rudd* vs. *Ann Barrow*, 4th July.
CAMDEN, N. J. - - - - Match, $500 a-side, 2 m h., *Langford* vs. *Willis*, Fall meeting.
JEFFERSON Co., Miss. Jefferson Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Nov.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
NEW YORK CITY. - - Beacon Course, Match, $2000 a-side, Three mile heats, in harness, *Awful* (trotter) vs. *Oneida Chief* (pacer), on 4th July.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - - Metairie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
OLYMPIAN SPRINGS, Ky. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Thursday, 27th Sept.
ST. MATTHEWS, S.C. - Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - - Sulphur Spring Course, J.C. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th June.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - - Eagle Course, Fall meeting the week after Camden, N. J.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA!

### JEFFERSON COUNTY (Miss.) SPRING RACES.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, Mry 21, 1838.

*Dear Sir*,—I herewith send you a report of our Spring Meeting over the *Jefferson Course*, which commenced on Thursday last, 17th inst., and continued three days.

THURSDAY, May 17, 1838—Purse $300, ent. $30; free for all ages that have been owned in Jefferson or Claiborne County six months previous to the meeting, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s. Mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Samuel Laughman's b. g. *Jim the Butcher*, pedigree unknown, 6 yrs | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Lewis F. Norris's ch. f. *Sarah Harrison*, by Frank, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs. | 1 | 2 | dr |
| J. Heudebert's b. g. *Jim*, pedigree unknown, 5 yrs | 2 | 3 | dr |
| Thos. Berry's (John Grissam's) s. f. by John Miller, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs | dist. | | |

Time, 1:58—2:00 Track 53 feet over a mile.

Sarah Harrison was decidedly the favorite, at odds, against the field, but a great many thought her too high in flesh, which I presume was the cause of her not winning. Jim the Butcher had no show in the betting circle until after the first heat, and very little then, but after the 2d heat, as it was perceivable he won it without a struggle, $100 to 200 was offered and taken that he would distance the mare the third heat, but the mare being drawn before they were called to the post, the bets were also withdrawn.

FRIDAY, May 18—Purse $400, ent. $50; (confined to Jefferson and Claiborne, and weights as above). Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Samuel Laughman's b. g. *Jim the Butcher*, 6 yrs | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Dr. Thos. B. Magrader's gr. m. *Blue Bonnets*, by Rockingham, d. by Eclipse, 5 y. | 2 | 2 | dis |

Time, 2:00—2:04—2:00. Track 53 feet over a mile.

In this race Blue Bonnets was the favorite, but there were few bets taken—after the first heat Jim the Batcher was the favorite, as he won the heat with plenty to spare, and the mare appeared somewhat distressed. It is thought, too, that the mare was considerably out of fix, and I have no doubt of the fact, as she is a fine, game looking animal of fine size.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $500 a-side, 92lbs. on each. One mile.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lewis F. Norris' b. h. *Jim Williams* (late Sam Brown), by Trumpator, 7 yrs | 1 |
| Watson & Johnson's gr. g. *Wormy*, 7 yrs | 2 |

Time, 1:56. Track 53 feet over a mile.

SATURDAY, May 19—Proprietor's Cup, value $100, ent. $25; free for the world; weights as on Thursday. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Samuel Laughman's (Wm. J. Minor's) gr. c. *Sir Aress*, by Trumpator, out of Ophelia, 4 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. *Tishimingo*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Maria Shepherd, 4 yrs | 2 | 2 |
| Col. Robt. Smith's s. f. *Lavinia*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol, 3 yrs | 3 | 3 |

Time, 1:53—1:59. Track 53 feet over a mile.

Tishimingo was the favorite against the field at 2 to 1, and few taken. I picked up a little, however, myself on it. The first heat was won in gallant style by Sir Aress, after trailing about thirty yards behind for about three quarters of a mile while Tishimingo and Lavine were contending for the heat, Tish. a length or so ahead. *Lev.*, the black boy on Sir Aress, discovering that steel and whalebone were freely used ahead of him, being, I suppose, not opposed to all "*precedent*," particularly when it is intended for the best, thought he would "finish the work so gloriously begun," and came to the stand about two lengths ahead. I know *I* hollowed, and had a good many in the stand to help me, because it was so unexpected, and being, as I believe, the first public race the little gray ever run. I was up in the big stand, and as soon as I saw the little gray come ahead, I sung out that I would bet a hundred, and take the little gray against the field. I walked down the ladder, and Col. B. said he would take that hundred, and sure enough I had the nerve, and up it went. I then walked about among the crowd, and I heard some two or three remark that the gray horse was taking the *cramp*; thinks I, my hundred's gone, if that's the case (and I din't like it much either, as it was the biggest by-bet I ever made on a race in my life). I then went up to see the horse, and I asked Lev. if he had the cramp, and Lev. said no. I then asked George, and he said no too. I looked, and could see none of the "*premonitories*"—thinks I, my *hundred* is safe. After a little time they were all three brought up to the stand, riders up, and the word given; the gray made the first turn a little ahead of Tish, Lavine well up, and when they reached the back stretch, Tish. challenged, and after a pretty smart struggle Tish. passed. I began then to think of the *cramp*, but a little more about the *hundred*; however, I believed it was only a manœuvre of Lev.'s to save his horse till he reached the next stretch home, but he let go a little sooner, and made the last turn about a length ahead; and when they got into the stretch, Tish. had the steel put to him again, and after a desperate brush the gray came to the stand just one foot ahead,—so at last my hundred was in a pretty tight place, more so than I should like to have another these hard times.

This Meeting was merely gotten up for the purpose of having a little sport in the Spring. But our regular Jockey Club races commence on the third Wednesday of November next, which will be the second *Fall* meeting since the Club has been organized. I hope by *that* time we will make a better show for *quick* time

Very respectfully yours, SAML. LAUGHMAN, *Sec'y pro. tem.*

### KANAWHA (Va.) SPRING RACES,

Commenced on Thursday, 24th May, and continued three days. We are indebted to the courtesy of "A subscriber and constant reader" for the annexed report:—

THURSDAY, May 24, 1838—Silver Pitcher, value $100, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| John Lewis' s. g. *Nick Biddle*, by Big Archie | 1 | 1 |
| S. Gorum's b. h. *Dustyfoot*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Agnes, 5 yrs | 2 | 2 |
| Charles Beal's b. m. *Lady Blanche* by Gohanna | 2 | dist. |
| S. C. Farley's b. m. *Charlotte Temple* | dist. | |

Time not given Track very heavy from rains.

Dustyfoot the favorite against the field, from the fact that he hailed from the famed "Island," together with his reputation for bottom. But Nick Biddle did not disappoint his friends, who believe that in a contest for silver, he is "hard to beat."

FRIDAY, May 25—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies; weights as before. Sub. $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| John Lewis' s. c. by Medoc, dam by Rattler | 1 | 1 |
| Charles Beal's s. c. by Paul Clifford | 2 | dr |
| T. G. Moore's gr. f. by Sparrowhawk | 3 | dist. |

Time not given.

The winner is a beautiful sorrel, without white, except a small spot on the withers; 15½ hands high, combining great beauty and strength—his head, neck, and shoulder, much handsomer than the Eclipse stock generally,—his back, loin, and thigh, very good, and limbs unexceptionable. He is a fine strider, and promises fair to do honor to his illustrious ancestry. He was bred by BENJAMIN HARRISON of Kentucky, and sold in his 2 yr. old form to his present owner, for $1000.

The Clifford colt is also a sorrel, about 15 hands, not handsome, but muscular and strong. He is too short to make a four miler, though his owner thinks he has a good turn of speed on a firm track.

The filly is a grey, not more than 14½ hands high; she is well put together, and has a very game-like appearance. She was much amiss, not having been able to take her exercise for several days before running.

On *Saturday*, May 26, Mr. S. GORAM's *Dustyfoot* won the Saddle, Bridle, &c., One mile, beating three others—Time not kept.

Our Club is yet in its infancy, and badly organized. We wish, however, to reorganize by the regular Fall meeting, and from the spirit amongst us, and the advantageous location of the course, we think we shall be able to offer attraction which will bring together our friends from East and West. The course is situated immediately on the bank of Kanawha, three miles from Charleston, and can be approached by steamboat at all seasons s

### NORFOLK (Va.) SPRING RACES.

The following report we have compiled from the Norfolk "Beacon," and other sources—Wednesday's race was postponed on account of the weather:—

THURSDAY, June 7, 1838.—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jas. S. Garrison's (Dr. R. B. Starke's) b. h. *Stockton*, by Eclipse, out of Iris by Sir Archy, 5 yrs | 1 | 1 | |
| Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. f. *Eliza Garrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs | 2 | dr | |
| Col. R. Wynn's b. f. *Victoria*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs | dist. | | |

Time, 4:05. Track very heavy.

Capt. HARRISON's filly fell lame in the 2d mile of 1st heat, which accounts for her being drawn.

FRIDAY, June 8—Purse $400, free for all ages, weights as before. Three mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jas. S. Garrison's bl. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Marc Anthony, 6 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| Arthur Taylor, senior's b. c. *Harbinger*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Virginia Taylor by Sir Archie, 4 yrs | 2 | 2 |

Time, 6:09—6:17. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—For a superb Silver Pitcher; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jas. S. Garrison's ch. f. *Sally Bertrand*, by Bertrand Junior, out of Sally Hornet by Sir Charles, 4 yrs | 1 | 1 | |
| Edward J. Wilson's b. f. by Ivanhoe, out of Reputation by Sir Charles, 3 yrs | 3 | 2 | |
| Capt. Jas. J. Harrison's b. f. *Polly Hancock*, by Marion, dam not given, 4 yrs | 2 | dis | |

Time not stated.

SATURDAY, June 9—Purse $100; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jas. S. Garrison's b. c. *Scipio*, by Zinganee, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Capt. J. J. Harrison's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam not given, 3 yrs | 2 | 2 | dis |
| Col. R. Wynn's b. c. *Sackdosa*, by Imp. Yemen, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs | 3 | dist | |

Time, 1:55—1:54—1:49.

### ST. LOUIS (Mo.) SPRING RACES

Commenced over the old St. Louis Course on the 29th ult; the annexed report is from our special correspondent. The following gentlemen comprise the *Officers of the Club*:—

President, H. WALTON, Esq.; Secretary, BEN. AMES, Esq.; Timers, JOHN DOUGHERTY and JOHN SHANNON, Esqrs.; Judges, JOHN CALVERT, JOHN DANIEL, and CHARLES BURROWS, Esqrs.; Distance Judge, —— McDONNEL, Esq.

TUESDAY, May 29, 1838—Jockey Club Purse $100, ent. $15; free for all ages. Weights—2 year olds, 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| D. F. Cooper's ch. c. *Kangaroo*, by Uncas, dam by Orphan, 4 yrs | 1 | 1 | |
| P. C. Bush's ch. h. *David H. Branch*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs | 3 | 2 | |
| John F. Safford's ch. h. *Independence*, by Tom Fletcher, out of ——, 5 yrs | 4 | 3 | |
| John Frost's ch. f. *Rancopus*, by Flagellator, out of Molly Longlegs by Harwood, 3 y. | 2 | 4 | |

Time, 1:57—1:56.

WEDNESDAY, May 30—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $20; free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| John Frost's br. f. *Rights of Women*, by Dashall, dam by Sir Solomon, 4 yrs | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Thos. B. Scrugg's br. m. *Mary Wood*, by Waxy, dam by Davis's Hamiltonian, 5 y. | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| E. A. Darcy's b. f. *Risible*, by Barrister, out of Lame Nettletop, 4 yrs | 3 | dist. | |

Time, 4:00—4:06—4:25

THURSDAY, May 31—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $30; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| John Kimball's b. f. *Proof-sheet*, by Eclipse, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs | 1 | 1 | |
| John H. Tafford's b. m. *Charline*, by Pacific, dam by Florizel, 5 yrs | 2 | 2 | |
| John Frost's b. m. *Charlotte Shaw*, by Pelham, dam by John Richards, 5 yrs | dist. | | |

Time, 6:02—6 22.

FRIDAY, June 1—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $50; free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| John Frost's ch. h. *Franklin*, (own brother to Laplander), by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs | 1 | 1 | |
| Thos. B. Scrugg's ch. f. *Hebe*, by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs | 2 | dist. | |
| E. A. Darcy's ch. c. *Rights of Man*, by Leopold, out of Sweet Erin by Eclipse, 4 y | 3 | dist. | |
| Benjamin Ames' gr. m. *Fleta*, by Medley, out of Rosalinda by Oscar, 4 yrs | 4 | dr | |

Time, 8:06—7:53.

This race afforded much sport; Franklin was the favorite 2 to 1 against the field. Hebe took the lead, with Franklin at her heels; they ran thus until near the termination of the first mile, when Franklin came up, and as quickly passed, winning the heat by a length, Rights of Man trailing behind.

2d heat.—For this Fleta was drawn. Rights of Man came into action at the start, and led away in gallant style, with Hebe and Franklin in company. In the 2d mile Franklin made play, and passed his competitors; Hebe soon came up again and made a desperate struggle; the contest was most exciting. At the close of the third mile the boy upon Hebe pulled up, thinking that he had gone the distance; this ground he could not recover, and Franklin won, distancing the field.

SATURDAY, June 2—Proprietor's Purse $100, ent. $10; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| John Mathews' d. c. *Rob Roy*, by Marmion, dam unknown, 3 yrs | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| P. C. Bush's ch. h. *David H. Branch* pedigree above, 5 yrs | 2 | 1 | 2 | 2 |

Time, 1:55—1:56—2:03—2.11.

The races went off extremely well; the weather was fine, the track in excellent order, and nothing occurred to interrupt the general harmony and good feeling. Great credit is due to the worthy proprietor for his arrangements for the accommotion for the company.

### SALISBURY (N. C.) SPRING RACES,

Commenced over the *Salisbury Course* on Wednesday, 30th May. We are indebted to the Secretary and the editor of the "Watchman," for the annexed report:—

WEDNESDAY, May 30, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $50 each. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr. Norment's b. f. by Tonson, dam omitted | 1 | 1 |
| Major Gaston's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Peacemaker | 2 | dist. |
| Mr. Craige's b. f. by Eclat, dam omitted | 3 | dist. |

Time, 2:05—1:58.

THURSDAY, May 31—Association Purse $150, free for all ages. Weights—for 3 year olds as above—1, 100lbs.—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Mile heats.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Satterwhite's (Perkins') b. f. by Riott, dam by Perkins' Florizel, 4 yrs | 2 | 1 | 1 | |
| Mr. Sloan's s. g. *Ratcatcher*, pedigree omitted, aged | 0 | 3 | 2 | |
| Major Gaston's (Sherrill's) gr. f. by Riott, dam omitted, 4 yrs | 0 | 2 | 3 | |
| Major Emmett's b. m. ——, pedigree omitted, 5 yrs | 1 | 4 | dist. | |
| Mr. Henderson's (Gorman's) b. c. *Paris* by Riott, dam omitted, 4 yrs | 3 | 5 | dist. | |
| Mr. James Caldwell's gr. m. ——, aged | 6 | dr | | |

Time, 1:55—1:58—1:58

This was one of the most interesting races ever seen—the whole crowd went off for the first heat in beautiful style, and came in all together, the winner not more than two lengths ahead of Perkins' filly, and she not clear of the next three, among which it was difficult to tell how they should be placed. The second heat was also closely contested between the five, Caldwell's being drawn. It was not until about the beginning of the last quarter that the Perkins' filly began to come out from among them, and even then for some time it was "who should and who should" between her and the Sherrill filly, but the former in the end was about three lengths ahead, all the rest well up.

The third heat was a whipper, too, but it was evident from the first turn that the Perkins' filly had it all her own way. The Old Rat, as they called him, stood it like a veteran. He was not more than two lengths behind the winner in this heat, and showed that he was ready for all that could be required of him. If Riot could be brought to this country next Spring, this and some other performances of his colt would ensure him good success for the remainder of his days. He is among the few of Old Archy's progeny now left as foal getters, and certainly his blood has told wherever the dam has been at all respectable.

FRIDAY, June 1—Association Purse $200; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr. Norment's b. h. by Mons. Tonson, out of Select, 7 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. H. T. Sloan's *Maria Tonson*, by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs | 3 | 2 |
| Mr. Moody's s. h. *McDonald*, by Old King William, dam by Nutcracker, 7 yrs | 2 | 3 |

Time, 3:58—3:58.

SATURDAY, June 2—Handicap Purse $250; free for all ages. Mile heats.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Col. Hiram T. Sloan's s. g. *Ratcatcher*, 7 yrs 97lbs | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Satterwhite's (Perkins') b. f. *Laretta Murphy*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 97lbs | 4 | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| Major Emmett's b. m ——, pedigree not given, a feather | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 |
| Mr. Henderson's (Gorman's) b. c. *Paris* pedigree above, 4 yrs a feather | 5 | 4 | dr | |
| Mr. Moody's gr. m. by Kentucky Whip, aged, a feather | 1 | dist. | | |

Time, 1:55—1:53—1:59—2:00.

The second was a dead heat between Major EMMETT's mare and Col. SLOAN's horse; Laretta close up, running at her ease. In the first she was held up, while the old horse made all the running for the Whip mare; some think she lost the race by lying back so much during the first two heats. In the last two she made beautiful and very close runs, and was only beaten by a length and a half in the last heat. She carried several pounds over her weight, and was badly ridden. With good training, a good rider, and proper management, Laretta would make a respectable figure any where. You will perceive that she carried in this race the weight appropriate to her age; this was because the handicappers assumed her as the best nag on the list, and the result shows the accuracy of the judgment. Mr. HENDERSON's horse Paris (another Riott) is a very respectable runner. He had bad luck in his starts, and worse in the manner of being ridden. In the second heat he unfortunately came in contact with the man who led off Mr. PERKINS' filly, by which he was thrown at least a distance behind in the start; this he not only recovered, but was gaining on the field at the outcome.

Mr. SHERRILL's filly, mentioned in the second day's race, is a fine looking animal, with a considerable turn of speed. She has won some laurels in other races, but on this occasion was evidently out of fix.

Mr. NORMENT's horse, that won the third day, is a very good one. He is a middle sized bay by Tonson out of Select, with a fine set of limbs, and a good shoulder and loin. One of the principal judges assured me that he had become satisfied since the race, that he ought to have been run as a six year old. He was not a favorite in this race, though he won it with ease in two heats, carrying eight pounds over his weight. Mr. MOODY's horse having beaten a nag at Charlotte, belonging to GREEN CALDWELL, Esq. which was trained with Minor, and thought to be his superior, Mr. N. himself was diffident as to the result, and dissuaded his friends from backing his horse freely. One gentleman made, however, a pretty pile on him at odds of three to one against MacDonald.

This week passed off here much to the satisfaction of those who had gotten up this affair. The running was respectable—the weather continued very fine—the track in good order (and by the by the veteran J. J. HARRISON says it is one of the best tracks in the South). Not a horse ran out of the track, nor did a serious accident occur to detract from the satisfaction of the week. We shall have a meeting again in the Fall, and hope to do a little better still.

Respectfully yours, H. W. CONNOR.

### FRANKLIN (Tenn.) SPRING RACES.

*Dear Sir*,—The races over the *Franklin Course* commenced on Wednesday, 30th May, and continued two days. The weather was delightful, and the attendance rather numerous.

WEDNESDAY, May 30, 1838—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $25; free for all ages; 3 year olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Col. Thos. Watson's ch. c. *The Pony*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs | 1 | 1 | |
| Geo. W. Skinner's b. f. *Leila*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sally Hope, 4 yrs | 2 | 2 | |
| F. Zollicoffer's gr. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Stockholder, dam by Neill's Sir Archy, 4 yrs. | dr | | |

Time, 4:00—3:58.

The Pony was the favorite at 5 to 1. Leila drew the track, took the lead, and kept it for about a mile and a half, when The Poney collared her and gave her the "go bye," and came in a winner by about a length. In the 2d heat The Pony went at it from the start, with Leila close at his heels; she kept him hard to work throughout the heat, which she lost by half a length only.

THURSDAY, May 31—Proprietor's Purse $150, ent. $20; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Col. Thos. Watson's ch. f. *Bee's-Wing*, (late *Catherine Barry*), by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs | 1 | 1 | |
| Col. Wynn's ch. m. *Martha Washington*, by Sir Charles, out of Isabella, 5 yrs | 2 | 2 | |
| F. Zollicoffer's gr. c. *Balie Peyton*, pedigree above, 4 yrs | 3 | dr | |

Time, 4:02—4:00.

Bee's-Wing the favorite at 4 and 5 to 1 against the field. She took the lead in both heats and won with great ease.

### SALE OF BLOODED CATTLE AT BLOOMFIELD, N. Y.

We extract the following account of an extensive sale of blooded cattle at Bloomfield, N. Y., from the Rochester (N. Y.) Daily Advertiser of the 5th inst. We are gratified to perceive from it that our neighbors, Messrs. Jas. and Thos. P. Dudley, extensive stock raisers of this county, were the purchasers of five of the most choice animals offered at this sale. Such importations as these are not only valuable acquisitions to the gentlemen, but will prove highly serviceable to the stock raisers of this region in the improvement of our breeds. Messrs. T. P. and John W. Dudley have sold upwards of $3000 worth of Durham cattle since the 1st of March last. Lexington (Ky.) Intelligencer.

The animals sold belonging to Thomas Weddle, Esq.

COWS AND HEIFERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Gazelle, 1 yr. old, bought by Jno Robinson, Palmyra, Wayne co., N. Y. | $224 |
| Camilla, 2, Gen. Dudley, Kentucky | 520 |
| Brilliant, 1½, " " | 500 |
| Beauty, 8, Allan Brown, Bristol, Ontario co., N. Y. | 342 |
| Lady Bower, 5, Robinson, Palmyra, Wayne co., N. Y. | 252 |
| Primrose, Gen. Dudley, Kentucky | 400 |
| Prize, 4, Gen. Fordon, Seneca Ontario co., N. Y. | 450 |
| Daisey, 4, Wm. Squires, Genesco, Livingston co., N. Y. | 365 |
| Sylva, 5, (supposed barren.) W. Garbutt, Wheatland, Monroe co. N.Y | 165 |
| Victoria, 2, —— Pitts, Richmond, Ontario co., N. Y. | 400 |
| Jessamine, 6 months, Wm. R. Smith, Macedon, Wayne co., N. Y. | 205 |
| Diana and Daphne, twin calves, 3 weeks, John Baker, Macedon, Wayne co., N. Y. | 300 |

BULLS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rover, 4 yrs. old, bought by Gen. Dudley, Kentucky | 520 |
| Alexander, 3½, S. Steele, East Bloomfield, Ontario co., N. Y. | 461 |
| Leo, 1½, Guy Collings, " " | 361 |
| Orion, 2, Gen. Dudley, Kentucky | 600 |
| Forager, 9 months, B. Thomas, Canandaigua, Ontario co., N. Y. | 225 |
| Splendidor, D. M. Smith, Avon, Livingston co., N. Y. | 300 |
| Echo, 1 year, A. Brown, Bristol, Ontario co., N. Y. | 600 |
| Primus and Comet, twin calves, 2 weeks, John Robinson, Palmyra, Wayne co., N. Y. | 170 |
| Magnum Bonum, 6 months, (half Alderney,) —— Norton, East Bloomfield, Ontario co., N. Y. | 100 |

At the above mentioned sale of Thomas Weddle's stock, three cows and their calves sold for $4916, as follows:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Primrose* | | $400 |
| Camilla, 2 yrs. | | 520 |
| Echo, 1 yr. | | 600 |
| Two weeds twins | | 170 |
| | | —— $1690 |
| *Prize*, 4 yrs. | | 450 |
| Orion, 2 yrs. | | 600 |
| Gazelle, 1 yr. | | 234 |
| Twins, 3 weeks | | 300 |
| | | —— 1584 |
| *Beauty*, 8 yrs. | | 342 |
| Brilliant, 1½, | | 500 |
| Splendor, 7 months | | 300 |
| Neptune, 3 yrs., (sold previously.) | | 500 |
| | | —— 1642 |
| Total | | $4916 |


**Sweepstakes, Lafayette Course, Augusta, Ga.**

THE Annual Jockey Club Meeting over this course, will take place the 2d week in December next.

On the second day of the meeting will come off a Sweepstakes, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Closed with four subs., viz:—

Col. W. Hampton names imp. b. f. *Ella*, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names imp. ch. f. by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker.
G. Edmonson names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Gallatin.
John Morrison & Co. name ch. c. *Highland Henry*, by Henry, out of Highland Mary.

The following Sweepstakes will also come off over the same course, on Saturday, the last day of the meeting:—

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds Spring of 1838; sub $500 each, h. ft., declaration $100, to be declared two weeks previous to the race. Two mile heats. To name and close 1st August next. Now five subs.:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Col. Wm. McCargo. | John Morrison | G. Edmonson. |
| Col. W. Hampton. | Iverson & Bonner. | |

Augusta, Ga., June 5, 1838. [J16]

**TROTTING—BEACON COURSE, HOBOKEN.**

THE SECOND SPRING MEETING, over the above course, will commence on Tuesday 19th June, and continue four days.

*First Day*, at 2 o'clock—Purse $200, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $200, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

*Same Day* at 4 o'clock—Purse $200, free for all Pacing horses, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

*Second Day*, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats, in Harness.

*Same Day*, at 4 o'clock—A match against time, for $1000. Mr. McMan is to ride his bay horse 33 miles in two successive hours.

*Third Day*, at 2 o'clock—Purse $200, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $200. Two mile heats, in Harness.

*Same Day*, at 4 o'clock—Purse $300, free for all trotting horses, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

*Fourth Day*, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

*Same Day*, at 4 o'clock—Purse $300, free for all trotting horses except the winner of the above free purse, Two mile heats, in Harness. ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y.*

Hoboken, N. J., June 1, 1838. [J2-3t]

**NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;**

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

**SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD**

**WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.**

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of February, 1838, being the *third* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

*Terms of Subscription and Advertising.*

| | |
|---|---|
| For One Year's Subscription, in advance | $5 00 |
| For Six Months Subscription, in advance | 2 50 |

The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—

| | |
|---|---|
| For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion | $5 00 |
| For Ditto ( Ditto ), each subsequent insertion, | 1 00 |

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.